THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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HER ANSWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FLORENCE PERCY.

"I think I have heard you rightly,
And *this* way the matter stands;
You aim to become my master,
As you are of your gold and lands—
You wish me to fawn and follow,
And serve you with fettered hands—

"To flaunt in your flimsy finery,
To starve in your hollow state—
To enter a life of falsehood,
Through a false and lying gate—
To dwarf my heart for diamonds,
And cripple my soul for plate.

"A modest and generous offer,
Which only a man could make!
So *this* is the burden of duties
You wish me to stoop and take?
Nor fear that my strength might falter,
Nor dread lest my heart might break?

"Your wife! it were too much honor!
Pray, what is your wife to be?
The slave of your whim and bounty,
The pet of your luxury—
A careful, obsequious servant—
Is the picture at all like me?

"I know how you reckoned your chances—
Your wooing has shown me that—
'She is poor—I will make her wealthy'—
Oh, joy to be wondered at!
But you are a monstrous camel,
While poverty's only a gnat!

"If women *are* only insects—
Poor, insignificant things,—
I am not a cricket, that always
Contentedly sits and sings.
But a chrysalis, unexpanded,
Impatient for promised wings.

"There are various minor trifles,
Not even your gold can gain—
You cannot imprison the sunlight,
You cannot compel the rain—
And I am more willful than either—
You flatter and sue in vain!

"Away with your gilded fetters—
They rattle, although they shine—
The goblet of bliss you offer,
Smacks strongly of poisoned wine;—
Your ring is too small for my finger,
Your life is too narrow for mine!"

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XII.

ALSATIA.

We remained for more than three weeks at Ems, notwithstanding the prejudices of my friend, and passed them very pleasantly. We sketched, rode, read, and made long pedestrian excursions to the Lindenbach Valley, the Castle of Marksburg, and the Convent of Arnstein. We also visited the iron-works of Hohenrain, and the silver-smelting furnace in the neighboring vale, and spent many happy hours following the windings of the Lahn, or boating up to that romantic point where the little troubled river glides peacefully into the broad embraces of the Rhine.

During this time we had repeatedly entered the Conversation Haus at hours when the music was not going forward, and seldom without finding Fletcher in the gaming-rooms. It was plain that he had become a confirmed player. He had his appointed seat at the table; his nod of recognition from the croupier; his mute greeting from one or two who, like himself, were punctual in their attendance. He had also acquired a certain command of feature which he did not at first possess; yet such was the constitutional nervousness of his temperament, that, despite all his care, it was still betrayed now and then in the eager intensity of his gaze, and in the tremulous lip and hand. An attentive observation of his play and the variations of his luck, assured me that in the long run he was no inconsiderable loser. What he gained one night he lost, and more than lost, the next; and at those very moments when Fortune seemed more than usually kind towards him, the most signal reverse was certain to be at hand.

I do not say that he ever hazarded largely, or that he lost to any great amount; but I saw enough to convince me that his limited resources could not long withstand the impoverishment consequent upon drains so exhausting and so incessant as these. I also noticed, with a feeling of regretful pity which I cannot express, that each day only added to the ghastly pallor of complexion and the unnatural brilliancy of eye which stamps the opium-eater—that his tone of mind grew more absent, more unsettled, more purposeless and disjointed—that his gray hair, once so thick, became thinned, and hung about his neck and brow in long, unent, neglected locks. Sometimes, when we met him in the grounds, he would pointedly avoid us—sometimes maintain an obstinate silence after the first greetings were exchanged—sometimes pour forth a string of wandering phrases with a kind of voluble indifference that was infinitely painful to witness. Once or twice, when we encountered him in the rooms or under the colonnade, he did not even recognise us; and he seldom or never recollected either of our names. I have stood for hours together behind his chair and watched the changes of his fortune without his ever dreaming that I was there.

I found myself much interested in the fate of this eccentric man—more interested than Seabrook, who had known him longer. I knew that he was blindly travelling towards ruin, and the same fascination which impels us to watch a rider whose horse has taken fright, or a shipwreck, or any fatal and inevitable misfortune, impelled me, as it were, to track the course of this infatuation. I felt that I must be at hand to count the steps of his descent—to watch it from day to day, from depth to depth; and, when matters came to the worst, to be enabled, at the right moment, to step forward and save him from absolute destruction.

"It is his only chance of amendment," I replied, when rallied by Seabrook on my devotion to the gaming-tables. "When all is lost, I will say to him—'Here is gold for thy necessities, but not for thy vices. Promise me to play no more.' If he have a spark of honor and good faith remaining, he will be cured."

But my friend only shook his head and sighed, and went off to play at billiards with some young men whom he knew in the town, and among whom he passed away those hours which I spent in the Conversation Haus.

One evening I missed him from his accustomed place. I scarcely knew whether to be pleased or alarmed at this unusual absence; but at all events I felt an inward uneasiness that caused me to direct my steps to the gardens at an earlier hour the next night.

The music of the band came pleasantly through the trees as I entered the gate, and I made my way at once to the pavilion.

A stranger was conducting in his place—he was not there. A cold sensation crept over me.

"He has lost everything," I said, to myself. "He was in despair—perhaps he has committed suicide. And I! Alas, I had hoped to save him!"

This fear was too much for me. I sat down upon a vacant bench, and leaned my head against a tree. Presently the music ceased. I rose up and went over, with the intention of asking some of the players; I hesitated; and while I hesitated, the leader gave the signal, and they re-commenced. I returned to my seat, in an agitation for which I could not account, and of which I felt ashamed, even to myself.

"What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?" I muttered. "Doubtless the man is safe; and, at all events, the fault is not mine."

Selfish reasoning, and hollow as selfish, for it availed me nothing; and when I at last summoned resolution, and asked the conductor after my new acquaintance, I felt as nervous as before.

"The Herr Fletcher," replied the young man, politely, "is not well. For some days he has been indisposed; and, for the last two, he has been confined to his apartment."

"Will you oblige me with his address?"

He pencilled it on the back of an old letter, and handed it to me.

"Thanks. And his illness?"

The musician shrugged his shoulders.

"Really, mein Herr, I have not the least notion."

I touched my hat, turned away, and glancing at the address written on the letter, threaded the garden paths as rapidly as I could, and went out into the town.

Hallandischer Hof! I did not remember to have seen any hotel or lodging-house of that name since my arrival at Ems. I went up to a waiter standing upon the steps of the Hotel de Russie, and inquired of him if he knew it; but he only stared at the paper with an insolent air, and bade me ask the donkey-drivers over the way.

Rudely as the advice was meant, I acted upon it, and was directed to an obscure quarter of the town, lying down by the river side, near the bridge of boats, where the watermen colonized.

It was a wretched spot—wet, unpaven, and dirty. There were children, pigs, poultry and donkeys wandering, uncared-for, through the narrow lanes. Large heaps of refuse lay before each door. The voices of women quarrelling were loud within—men leaned, smoking, from the upper windows; and all the atmosphere around was tainted and heavy. At the farthest extremity of this Alsatia, I found the mean inn dignified by the name of the Hollandischer Hof.

He was crouching over a small stove in a comfortless garret, wrapped in a blanket taken from the bed, and shivering piteously. He looked very pale and ill, and had not shaved for three or four days. His hands, too, as he held them towards the open door of the stove, seemed almost transparent. I could not have believed that I should see so startling a change after so brief an absence.

When I tapped upon his door he made no answer—when I entered the room he neither turned nor spoke—when I stood beside him, and uttered a few simple words of apology and condolence, he only looked up with a listless, weary air, and sighed heavily.

"I am indeed sorry to find you thus, Mr. Fletcher. I feared that you were ill when I saw a stranger conducting the band, and so I took the liberty of calling to—to inquire if you were better."

He stared dreamily into the fire, but remained silent.

"You have some medical advice, I trust?"

He moaned and shook his head.

I looked round the room for a chair, and seeing only an old deal box beside the window, I dragged it over to the fire, and sat down opposite to him.

"I consider that it is absolutely necessary for you to have proper attendance, Mr. Fletcher. You must permit a friend of mine—a man highly distinguished by his professional skill—to call upon you. I know that he will gladly oblige me in so small a matter."

Heaven forgive me! I had not a friend, or even an acquaintance, in all Ems, except Norman Seabrook. But any eminent physician would suit the character; and I consoled myself by arguing that it was, after all, but a figure of speech.

As the musician still said nothing, I went on.

"My friend shall see you this very evening—and—and I think—that is, I suppose it probable, that he will order you wine—generous living—perhaps expensive medicines."

He looked up hastily.

"No—no," he said, in a low, hurried tone, "no—I am well—better. No physician—no physician!"

"Pardon me, but it is necessary. I assure you that you are more unwell than you suppose. I will go at once in search of my friend; and in the meantime—in case you should require anything—pray excuse me—I shall call again to-morrow. Good evening—good evening!"

And I hastened from the room, down the dark staircase, with its balustrade of greasy rope, and out into the lanes below, leaving a couple of gold pieces upon the table at his side.

Once more outside the house, I shuddered, and thrust my hand into the breast of my coat, for I had touched his at parting, and that clammy chill, like the chill of death, seemed yet to cling against the palm.

What a den! what a neighborhood! I strode rapidly along the slippery lanes in the direction of the Hauptstrass, in the hope of reaching the gardens before all the company had departed, and of finding there some one of those medical gentlemen whom I had learned to recognize by sight during my brief sojourn. Everything seemed to impede my way. The watermen were returning to their homes for the night—the donkey-drivers, with their weary beasts, were thronging along on their way to such wretched stabling as the place afforded—a broken-down cart, with a gaping crowd around, blocked up the pathway. Added to this, it was getting dark, and some rain began to fall.

When I felt the first drops of the shower, I knew that my last chance was gone, and my fears proved to be correct; for when I reached the gardens, the gay company had all dispersed, and the musicians were just in the act of hastening away with their instrument-cases in their hands. One of these I stopped.

"Pardon, monsieur; but can you direct me to a physician?"

"A physician! Indeed no, mein Herr; not I."

And shaking my hand roughly from his sleeve, the man endeavored to pass on.

"One moment, I beseech you," I continued, nothing daunted, as I again seized him by the arm. "It is for Mr. Fletcher; he whom you know. He is very ill. Pray, help me to find a physician!"

The name of Fletcher instantly produced the desired effect. He paused—looked at me—hesitated—and finally, summoning one of his companions, exchanged with him some sentences in a kind of rough patois German, which I could not understand. After a few moments, the new comer turned to me with an air of respectful civility, saying:

"If the Herr Graff will be so good as to follow me, I will conduct him to the apartments of a famous physician close at hand."

He led the way, I followed, and the man whom I had first addressed, turned swiftly off in another direction.

Suffice it here that we found the gentleman, that I introduced myself to him, stated the particulars of the case, furnished him with the address, and had the satisfaction of seeing him depart.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MIDNIGHT VIGIL.

Sometimes together, sometimes separately, sometimes in the company of the physician, we visited Fletcher at his miserable lodging at least once in every day. We had found him too weak and ill to be removed; but he had now a nurse, and all such comforts as his condition required. He was indeed very ill. Intense, mental anxiety acting upon a nervous constitution, which was already sufficiently undermined by the long and unremitting use of opium, had ended in a low fever, which, day by day, was assuming a more malignant character.

One morning we found him moaning and tossing upon his bed, and quite delirious. The nurse said that he had been thus since a little past midnight. It was a painful spectacle; and we stood silently by the fire, looking at him, till the physician arrived. This gentleman was stout and tall, with a lion-like face, and green eyes, and a profusion of rings and chains, and a mass of rough, shaggy hair, like a mane.

He was late to-day, and came up-stairs very quickly and softly, stopping short upon the threshold, as he saw the condition of the patient. He then took his place beside the bed, and saying that he had expected this change, laid his hand upon the hot brow, and counted the leaping pulse.

After a few moments he shook the mane very gravely, and laid poor Fletcher's hand gently down upon the coverlet.

"Brain fever," he said, very distinctly and slowly. "Brain fe—ver!"

We looked each other in the face without speaking. The physician rose, and imparted some directions to the nurse—scrawled a hasty prescription—bowed, and moved towards the door.

"But there is hope?" cried Seabrook, in a low, quick voice. "There is hope?"

The physician paused, glanced keenly from me to the patient, and back again, and looked uncomfortable.

"Well—really," he said, hesitatingly, "I—I— The gentleman is your friend, perhaps, monsieur" (turning to me), "a—a relation?"

I made a gesture of dissent, and Seabrook said, impatiently:

"Mr. Fletcher is comparatively a stranger to both of us, sir. Pray give your unreserved opinion. Is he in much danger?"

He appeared relieved by this; but still hesitated.

"Brain fever," he remarked, "frequently proves fatal; and, again, many persons recover from it. The—the patient is not strong; but delicate persons often go through sickness better than more robust subjects. We must, however, remember that opium is, in itself, a slow poison."

"But your reply, sir! your reply!" urged my friend. "Is there no hope?"

The physician was now at the door, with one foot down upon the first stair.

"I—I fear—that is to say—at least— No, gentlemen. I regret to say—none."

And once more shaking his head, so that the mane swayed like a pendulum from side to side, he bowed, coughed apologetically, and made his way down as quickly and softly as he came up.

It was quite late in the evening when I next saw him. I had left Seabrook writing letters; the night was dark and wet; the low lanes by the river were ankle-deep in mire; scarce a soul was abroad; and the hungry dogs were fighting over the bones upon the dunghills.—There was noise of revelry and loud laughter in the public room of the Hollandischer Hof, and as I hurried through the dark passage and up the narrow stairs, I heard fragments of a popular Rhine-wine song and chorus, and inhaled a fog of coarse tobacco-smoke.

It was strange; but, as I advanced, the sound, instead of lessening, became louder. I paused at the foot of the last flight, and listened attentively.

Yes—beyond a doubt! It grows more distinct with every step I take. The words are those by Mathias Claudius, which I know so well;—the voice—ah! the voice in which they are chanted! I shudder—I pause—I hasten forward—I push open the door. Alas!

"On the Rhine, on the Rhine,
There grows the vine!
Blest be the Rhine!"

He is sitting up in his bed, wild and haggard; and, as I enter, chants these lines with a ghastly mirth, more shocking than tears or ravings. The fire has gone out—the candle burns dimly—the nurse is absent. All is gloomy, comfortless and chill.

Shuddering, I take my seat beside him; but he never notices my presence, and still goes on singing:

"From the banks down below,
Up the mountains they grow,
And yield us this wine!
This wine of the Rhine!"

He has thrown off the covering, and flings his arms up wildly above his head as he finishes the verse. I twine mine around him, soothe him with gentle words, and induce him, for a few moments, to lie down. Unfortunately, I have omitted to shut the door, and again the chorus, with its accompaniment of clattering glasses, swells loud below and comes up distinctly to our ears.

He starts up laughing (how I wish he would not laugh in that way!), and bursts forth again with a hoarse, frantic vehemence that makes me shudder:

"With the leaves of the vine
Let us gaily entwine
Each beaker of wine!
Drink it merrily dry,
And all Europe defy
To equal this wine!
This wine of the Rhine!"

I go over and shut the door. He pauses; listens eagerly; looks round; and hearing nothing, moans softly several times, and rocks himself to and fro, as if in pain.

Once more I induce him to lie down; but he keeps muttering absently between his teeth, and shivers piteously. I pile bedclothes over him, and coats, and a woman's cloak which hangs beside the door. I chafe his cold hands in mine; I place the candle on one side, that he may not see the light; and, as he seems quieter, I hope that he may sleep. However, he still moans and mutters, and, from time to time, vague fragments of the song yet escape his lips.

"Faster!" he says—thinking, perchance, that he is conducting in the orchestra—"Faster! you are all too slow—I tell you, *prestissimo!* What! here already! I thought you were in London! Frankfort! Frankfort! Ah! I must not stay here! Away! Beautiful fiend, I hate you! Hark! what is that!—Wine! Ha! ha! Wine and cards! 'So drink, drink the wine! Rejoice in the vine!' Are you come again, Margaret! Poor Margaret!—How pale you are, poor Margaret. Like your mother, Margaret—like your mother, as I last saw her—in her shroud, poor Margaret! And Frank? Where is Frank? Frank! Frankfort! Theresa! Ah! I remember you! Dare you show yourself before me? Poor Margaret—poor—poor——"

His voice grew fainter—the words came thickly and heavily—his eyes closed—he started twice or thrice, and presently he slept.

His slumber lasted, as I should think, three hours. At first he seemed to dream painfully, and tossed restlessly upon the pillows, grasping my hand the while with strong energy, as if associating with it some wandering notion of protection. By and by he grew calmer—his hold relaxed—his head fell back—and, save for his quick, moaning respirations, I could almost have fancied that he was dead.

Thus the dreary night wanes. The revellers in the inn parlor break up and go forth, singing, into the streets. The doors are barred loudly below. The profoundest stillness prevails within and without. The clocks chime sadly in this and the neighboring house; and still the sick man sleeps, and still the nurse comes not.

By and by he wakes. I am not apprised of this by any movement of his; but, on turning round, find his eyes fixed earnestly upon me. Something peculiar in the expression of his face—something strange in the depths of his eyes, causes me to bend down suddenly towards him, and call him by his name.

"Is that you, sir?" he says faintly, and with some difficulty of articulation. "Is that you? You're very good to me, sir."

The delirium is gone; but there is now a look upon his face which fills me with more dread than that of mere insanity.

"Do you feel better now?" I ask him. "Are you in pain?"

"No, sir. No pain—but a—a numbness seems to be taking me. I—I think I'm going—this time—sir."

I strive to reassure him—to smile—to shake him by the hand; but mine trembles so that even he feels it, and the words die away upon my lips. He asks for water, and, when he has had it, closes his eyes, and so lies for several minutes quite still and silent. Presently he looks up and speaks again; and this time I notice that his speech is more labored than before.

"I feel it coming. This—numbness—this—I—I have no one to ask—but—but you, sir. Will—will you—"

"I will do anything for you," I exclaim, with warmth. "I meant to offer, in—in case—"

He understands me, and looks grateful, but for some minutes seems unable to enunciate. The hand which I hold in mine appears momentarily to grow colder, and large drops of perspiration gather upon his brow and upper lip. Again I bid him speak, for, alas! there is no time to lose now.

"I—I have a daughter, sir—a daughter—Margaret—in—Brussels—a school—write—"

"I will go to her!" I say, quickly. "Give me her address. What do you you wish me to say to her? Have you any property?"

"No—money—spent—gambled—poor—school—Brussels."

"Yes, I know! But where? what street?"

"Rue Leopold, No. 24—Madame—Von Plaets—"

"Enough. Have you anything else to tell me? Any message to Margaret? Any other person you wish me to see?"

I speak this earnestly and loudly, for his sense of hearing seems to grow dull, and a gray, gray tint is stealing down gradually over his face.

"Protect—warn—protect—"

"I will protect her!" I say, fervently. "I will protect her!"

He stares up at me with a beseeching expression, and strives to rise. I lift him in my arms; but he can scarcely breathe, and his dumb efforts at articulation are fearful to witness. Then the pupils of his eyes dilate preternaturally—his lips move—his features assume a look of intense anxiety, almost of rage or hatred—the gray shadow creeps down, down, and overspreads all his countenance—he falls heavily back—quivers once all over, and is then quite still.

He has fallen upon my arm, and for some time I dread to move it, lest I should disturb his last moments. However, he lies there so motionless that I need not fear his waking; so in a few minutes I withdraw it, and, taking the candle over to the bedside, stand there looking down upon the dead face.

What untold tale was hidden there? What strange tragedy of wrongs, and bitter hatreds, and fond loves, would go down unrecorded to the grave and be buried in the outworn heart of this poor human sufferer? What hand was destined to unclasp the Book of the Past, and read therein the Chronicle of his Life-history?

I knew not; but in that solemn hour I felt a strange awe and exaltation upon me, as if with the great duty which I had undertaken, an Era had begun for me, and a new blessing had dawned upon my path.

CHAPTER XIV.

"OH SWEET, PALE MARGARET!"

"Rue de Leopold, No. 24. Madame Von Plaets!"

I had arrived in Brussels late the night before, and, overwearied by the long journey from Cologne, had slept till the shops were opened and the foot passengers all stirring in the busy streets around me. I woke with these words upon my lips—could think of nothing else during my hasty breakfast; and, immediately after, hurried forth in quest of the school and my young ward—self-constituted guardian as I was!

Strange, how this one event had changed the whole tone and tenor of my mind—how it had braced my weary nerves; reawakened my interest in things; occupied my thoughts with pleasant images; and given a purpose and an impulse to my daily life! I was always dreaming of this child which the poor musician had confided to me on his dying bed—wondering whether she were fair or dark, playful or sedate—hoping that her eyes might be blue, like those of Adrienne; and forming conjectures as to her age, size, disposition, and talents; for to none of these did I possess the slightest clue. I amused myself by rehearsing in my own mind all that I should say to her when we met—I accustomed myself, in idea, to the name of "Father," which I thought would sound sweeter than that of "Guardian" from her infant lips. I framed the wildest impossibilities. I was to devote myself entirely to her; to educate her in all that I deemed fittest for her improvement, and to grow wiser myself in the gentle task. She was to console me for my disappointment—to be the comfort and pride of my old age; the inheritress of my fortunes; the adopted daughter of my heart.

Nay, I had even thought of legally investing her with the name of our family!

From the moment that we had consigned the remains of poor Fletcher to the little burying-place beyond Ems, I had found it impossible to restrain my impatience, and had hurried along the glorious Rhine-scenery lying between Coblentz and Bonn without even a wish to linger by the way. From Bonn to Cologne, from Cologne to Brussels, had been the rapid journey of a day; and not even the persuasions of my friend, who remained obstinately at the City of the Three Kings, could induce me to defer my farther progress for a few hours. Perhaps, were I to search my own motives narrowly, I should be forced to acknowledge that his very determination to explore the antiquities of Cologne bore some share in the urgency of my desire to proceed. I wished to present myself alone to the little orphan, and I could not endure to share that first interview even with Norman Seabrook. There was to me an importance in our newly established relation to each other, a sacredness in the grief that I was to unfold to her, which admitted of no publicity—besides, I had built such a fairy *chateau en Espagne* upon the affection which she was to give me, that I felt jealous lest I should not be the first and only one whom she would learn to love.

"Rue de Leopold, No. 24. Madame Von Plaets!"

The road was not long, although I thought it so in my impatience; but I had to ask my way several times; to traverse streets and squares utterly strange to me; to turn back twice or thrice when I had taken a wrong turning, or been misdirected. Besides, it was market day, and the open places were all thronged with stalls and country people; and many whom I had addressed could not comprehend either my French or German, but had replied to me in their unintelligible Flemish dialect. Then the novelty of the architecture, so different to anything that I had previously seen, bewildered and distracted me. A regiment of Belgian Chasseurs, with their dark uniforms, and curious round hats surmounted by plumes of cock's feathers, defiled along the very street which I was about to cross, and kept me waiting, as it seemed to me, full a quarter of an hour. I was waylaid and followed by importunate guides and *commissionaires*—in short, every possible aggravation and delay seemed to combine against me.

At length I found the Rue de Leopold, a little street running at the back of the theatre, consisting of shops, hotels, and private houses. Walking slowly down the centre, and looking from side to side alternately, I came to No. 24. It was a large white house standing back from the street, with an outer wall, and heavy wooden gates, decorated with two ponderous knockers. Within were long, close rows of jalousied windows; the topmost branches of one or two lofty lime-trees; and, on the coping, in letters a foot long, the words, "Pensionnat des Demoiselles."

How my heart beat as I lifted the heavy knocker; as I asked for Madame Von Plaets; as I heard that she was within, and followed the hobbling old *concierge* across the courtyard to the steps of the mansion, where I was met by a staid footman in a sober livery, and by him preceded to a spacious drawing-room opening upon a garden.

"Madame will be with Monsieur, directly."

Directly! It seemed an age to me. I sat down—rose—sat down again—examined the pictures upon the walls; the books lying upon the table; the visiting-cards in the filigree basket; the little figures of Dresden china on the shelves of the inlaid cabinet. Surely those were the sounds of music! I listened attentively, and heard a chorus of female voices, supported by the deep undertones of an organ. Doubtless we were in the neighborhood of some church; and yet it was not the hour for service.

It certainly appeared to come from the direction of the garden! I went over and opened the window. This time I could not be mistaken, for I heard the very words and recognized the very notes of a choral movement by Marcello.

The garden was spacious, but gloomy; surrounded by a high wall, overgrown by ivy and green moss, planted here and there with tall, dark

poplars, and laid out in formal walks and parterres. There was a broken statue of the Piping Faun, and a weed-grown sundial in among the trees; and, at the farther end, partially screened by a lofty laurel hedge, a small white edifice, apparently of recent date, pierced by a row of long and narrow windows, and surmounted by a glazed cupola.

Now, beyond a doubt, it was from that very building that the sounds proceeded.

Did Madame Von Plaets, then, keep a private chapel for her pupils, or did the garden communicate with some other house or street behind the confines of that laurel hedge?

My curiosity was powerfully excited. I went out upon the terrace, and down into the garden, making my way cautiously along the paths till I turned the corner of the hedge, and found myself before the entrance to the building, when I stole forward into the shadow of the doorway, and gazed on the scene within.

It was one large and lofty hall, with bare white walls and matted floor, and rows of plain deal benches ranged down all the centre, like the seats in a church or a concert-room. On these benches sat some fifty or sixty female scholars, varying in age from six to twenty. Each held an open music-book in her hand, and all were singing to the accompaniment of an organ which stood at the upper end of the hall, and was played by a young girl dressed entirely in black. About half-way down, adding to the church-like appearance of the place, stood a little pulpit-like oaken desk, behind which a stout, fair, and florid lady of middle age was seated, as if presiding over the assembly.

It was a curious scene, and for me an interesting one; for I stood there scanning those rows of fair young faces, and striving vainly to guess which was the one I sought.

Suddenly the lady-president, glancing in the direction of the door, fixed her eyes upon me with a startled expression, rose from behind her desk with an air of immense dignity, and came rustling towards me in her silken robes.

I felt that I was looked upon as an intruder, and as she advanced I gradually retreated.

"Monsieur is desirous of speaking to me?" she asked, with a stately salutation.

I was not particularly desirous of speaking to her; but I knew not what answer to make, so I bowed profoundly.

"Then monsieur will have the goodness to step this way."

She laid a pointed emphasis on "this," and preceded me along the walks, up to the terrace, and back into the saloon which I had lately left. She then indicated a chair with a languid gesture of her fat white hand, and sank, as if exhausted, upon a spacious fauteuil.

"And now," she said, turning to me and bowing somewhat more graciously, "and now, perhaps, monsieur will have the politeness to speak."

"Madame Von Plaets, I presume?"

Another bow.

"I am the bearer of some painful intelligence to one of your pupils, Miss Margaret Fletcher. Her father is no more. I attended upon his last moments, at Ems, where he entrusted me with the care and guardianship of his daughter."

Madame looked concerned and shook her fair head gravely.

"I am very sorry," she said, two or three times over. "I am very sorry." Then, as if suddenly remembering my words, "Mademoiselle Marguerite is not my pupil," she added. "She is my musical gouvernante."

"Your musical gouvernante, madame?" I exclaimed. "I—I had expected to—to find her quite a child!"

There must have been something very blank and discomfited about the expression of my face, for the Flemish lady smiled outright, and saying, "Monsieur shall judge for himself," rang a silver hand-bell, and desired the attendance of Mademoiselle Marguerite.

So, then, all my predetermined speeches, my fair plans, my pleasant dreams of education, guidance, and voluntary paternity were vanished—my *chateaux en Espagne* had turned to "airy nothings," and I found myself the guardian of a musical gouvernante, as old, and perhaps older, than myself! But for the sad cause of my journey, I should have recognized something almost ludicrous in the situation.

She entered—a pale slight girl about seventeen or eighteen years of age, with fair straight brow and downcast eyes, and her hands folded meekly together, like the pictures of the Virgin Mary in the old German paintings. Her smooth brown hair was banded closely round her head, she wore a plain dress of some black material, and a small white collar round her throat, so that I recognized her at once for the organist whom I had seen from my ambush in the garden.

"A gentleman to visit you, Mademoiselle Marguerite," said madame condescendingly.

The little gouvernante blushed and curtsied, and stole one timid glance towards me from beneath her long eye-lashes; but made no reply.

"You can be seated, Mademoiselle Marguerite."

From the manner in which this was conceded, it was evident that madame deemed it a distinguishing mark of favor.

"This gentleman comes from abroad—from Germany, mademoiselle. He has seen monsieur your father, and will himself relate to you the melancholy details. Helas! mais c'est dommage, monsieur. Ca me deshire le cœur!"

And madame sighed, and pressed her laced pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, and tried to weep, but could not.

"I beg a thousand pardons, Madame Von Plaets," I said, rising hurriedly, "but I should prefer to speak to this young lady in private—the nature of my communication demands it. Have you any unoccupied room to which we might be permitted to retire?"

"Mais—c'est juste—mais—les convenances," stammered the mistress of the house, half rising and hesitating.

"The customs of society, madame, suffer a young lady to be alone for a few moments with her guardian."

"Monsieur is a young guardian," said madame, looking greatly disappointed, and moving slowly towards the door. "But—since it is wished—on this one occasion—*I* will retire."

She bowed again, very haughtily; I returned the salutation; and, after lingering for a minute with her hand on the lock, she finally left the room.

As for the little gouvernante, she had risen and sat down again a dozen times during this brief colloquy; but now that madame was actually gone, she resumed her seat and remained quite still and silent, revealing nothing of her previous agitation save by the trembling of her hands, which she strove to press firmly together.

I was troubled how to begin, and sat looking at her in silence for some moments. At last I spoke.

"I am the unwilling bearer of some painful intelligence, Mademoiselle Margaret," I said, gravely.

A startled glance from the downcast eyes; a closer clasping of the hands; a quickening of the fluttered breath—that was all.

"I—I was your father's friend at Ems. He desired me to visit you; to protect you; to inform you of—of his illness."

"My father has been ill!"

It was the first time she had spoken—the first time she had looked me steadily in the face; and despite my anxiety and pity, I could not avoid remarking how sweet was the voice and how beautiful were the large brown eyes.

"Very ill. More ill than you imagine. Can you bear to be told how ill he has been?"

I said this very earnestly, looking at her sorrowfully the while, as in the hope that the expression of my face and the tone of my voice would speak my story for me.

She turned very pale—even her lips grew white; but she answered firmly—"I can bear it."

The task was too painful. I thrust back my chair, and took one or two hurried turns about the room. Then I stopped suddenly before her, and taking her hand—

"Margaret," I said, I am your guardian—your guardian and protector for life. It was your father's wish that I should be so. Do you understand me?"

No reply—no glance—no movement.

"I am your guardian, Margaret—because—because you have no other."

The little hand that felt so cold in mine was hastily withdrawn.

"No other!" she repeated, in an inward shuddering tone. "No other!"

She rose up, pale and horrorstruck, and moved slowly away as if in dread of me and of my tidings. There were no tears upon her face, though mine were falling fast.

"No other!"

Suddenly both voice and strength seemed to fail her—she paused, wavered, caught wildly at my outstretched hand, and fell fainting into my arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, *in advance*, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for *every* taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Crusoe."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

A TROUBLESOME WORD

ON A TROUBLESOME SUBJECT.

We find, upon looking over our account books, that a large amount of money is owing to us by a large number of subscribers. The amount in each case is small, but multiplied by thousands, it swells to a very considerable sum. We would therefore respectfully ask it as a *favor* of those who owe us, that, if not too inconvenient, they will sit down at once and remit the money. If they have mislaid their bills, or do not remember the exact amount of their indebtedness, they can come as near to it as possible, and we will forward a statement of the account as soon as we receive the letter. We dislike to trouble our friends in these columns with pecuniary matters, but, strange to say, not even so good a paper as THE POST can be carried on without money.

THE GERMAN VERSION.

Prussia and the smaller states of Germany, have their own popular version of the peace, patched up in so much haste between France and Austria. What that version is, may be read in the following extract:—

The language of the Prussian journals becomes more and more hostile to Austria. The National Gazette of Berlin says: "It appears that Austria has preferred throwing herself into the arms of Napoleon III. to allowing Prussia to take her proper rank in Germany."

In Berlin the notion is generally entertained that both Austria and France chose to prevent the realization of German unity rather than remain true to the pompous announcements of their Italian intentions. The moment, writes a correspondent at Berlin, that Germany threatened to raise herself to the might and dignity of a great country, one and undivided, the Italian quarrel sank down to a comparatively subordinate position in the consideration of the two belligerent parties. Austria and France may be enemies in Italy, but they have one and the same interest in Germany. Napoleon and Francis Joseph sheathed their swords in order to direct their united attention to the Confederation, and hinder every attempt at making the *Bund* more than a sham.

There may be something in this view of the question. Singular it is, that with the almost universal popular feeling in favor of a German Union, a real and powerful Fatherland, it seems impossible to bring such a Union about. Doubtless the desire of every little ruler to preserve his little modicum of power, is one great cause of the futility of all endeavors in that direction. But very probably, another great cause is the secret opposition of France and Russia to any movement which shall render Germany more able to protect herself from their assaults. If an alleged Russian official document recently published be genuine, it is a leading feature of the Russian policy to keep Germany divided, in order that she may be the easier gobbled up, like Poland and Turkey, when the appropriate time comes. France also, it is well known, conceives that her boundary line should of right be extended to the Rhine—and, of course, once there, she would conceive that it ought to be, for political, strategic, or other convenient reasons, placed still further eastwards. Austria, heretofore, has been the head of the German Confederation; but, of late years, the feeling of the people has become more favorable to Prussia than to Austria, in consequence of the greater liberality of the former State, and her more exclusively German character. That Austria has entered into any agreement with France and Russia for a partition of Prussia and the other German states among the three, in imitation of the action relative to Poland, would seem very improbable. And yet there are two great bonds of union between the three governments, in that they are all essentially despotic, both in their political and religious systems. Prussia, on the contrary, now tends to constitutionalism in politics, while she is Protestant in religion. And yet though it be possible that Austria, in revenge for the inaction of Prussia in the recent war, has resolved to abandon her in some coming hour of need, still we do not think it very probable. In fact, if Louis Napoleon's own statement is to be believed, the menacing aspect of Prussia was one strong reason of his desire to bring the war to a speedy conclusion. And, besides, it must be evident to Austria, despite the complaint of Francis Joseph that he was abandoned by his natural allies, that the German Confederation was in no degree pledged to assist him in preserving his Italian possessions. If the tide of war had flowed on from Venetia towards the gates of Vienna, then doubtless the German Confederation would have felt bound to interfere. On the whole, therefore, we can hardly think it probable that Austria has agreed to sacrifice Prussia and the smaller German states, either to save herself, or to gratify her spleen. But if Prussia should be attacked—and it seems to be a general opinion that she will be, before many months—and Austria should not go to the rescue, of course the worst inferences might be fairly drawn from her neutrality. But far more probable than the above, does it seem to us, that Austria is pledged not to aid Great Britain in any war with Louis Napoleon. Such a pledge would not seem an utter improbability—and yet, if it were made, we should expect to find it ultimately broken. The first Napoleon, though he wedded a daughter of Austria, and thought he had bound the House of Hapsburgh thereby to his fortunes, was mistaken. Austria was in at the death, along with the other hunters. So doubtless will she be when the third Napoleon is hunted to his lair.

ARRESTING.—A little boy of only *two* years old, recently, in Maine, seeing his father, the light-house keeper at Grinnel Point, in great peril from the overturning of his skiff, waded out into the water to help him, and was drowned. The account says:—"The strong tide bore the little hero beyond his depth, and, when the neighbors arrived, they found Mr. Nash in the boat quite exhausted, and the body of his devoted Elisha floating near the beach. Our informant who saw the corpse of the child soon after it was recovered, says that its tiny hands were still outstretched, and its eyes opened wide as if still anxiously looking in the direction of its father. As the heart-stricken parents bent over the cherub-like form of the darling one as it was arrayed for burial, many eyes like theirs were suffused with tears, because of the pathetic tale connected with its death."

THE Queen has been pleased to appoint the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Jr., Rector of Eversley, to be one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to her Majesty.—*London Gazette.*

The above appointment would seem to confirm what has been heretofore alleged, that Queen Victoria was decidedly disposed to sympathize with the progressive spirits of her realm. Kingsley, while by no means a Chartist, has written very appreciatingly of the sufferings and disabilities of the lower classes of the English people, and very freely of the duties and shortcomings of the upper classes, both lay and clerical. It will strengthen the hold of the Queen upon the liberal minds and hearts of her kingdom, this recognition of the great merits of the gifted and plain-spoken Rector of Eversley.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 243—Adults 85, and children 158.

CURIOUS INDEED.

The *Troy (N. Y.) Budget* says:—

"We have for some time been cognizant of a persistent piece of cruelty towards a lady of the first respectability in this city, and whom we hoped ere now to find relieved by the interference of friends. It appears that her husband, in a fit of jealousy, something more than a year ago, procured a cage complete of iron, into which he compelled his wife to enter, and although it is impossible for her to stand erect within it, she is never permitted to leave it except at night. The social position of the parties is such that we are persuaded not to mention names at present, but shall not fail to do so within a day or two, unless, in the meantime, we find the lady quietly relieved."

The above story is strange indeed, in two respects. First, that any husband in an American city should dare to venture upon such a piece of cruelty; and, secondly, that any American editor should have been "*for some time*" cognizant of it without interfering. We should have thought that any one worthy of the name of man, upon becoming informed that any woman was being so shamefully persecuted, would have taken *immediate* measures to right such a grievous wrong. And to suffer a "lady of the first respectability" to be abused in this manner for "some time," and then to talk of "mentioning names," unless the lady is "quietly relieved" "in a day or two," argue a coolness and even frigidity of temper, which we trust is not to be found out of Troy.

"OUR FARM OF TWO ACRES."—We have thought that not only our country readers, but our city ones also, would be interested in the sketches with the above title, from the pen of the celebrated English authoress, Miss Harriet Martineau. Now, when there are so many small country places in the neighborhood of every large city, the question of how to make the most of your two or three acres, becomes one of considerable importance. In thousands of villages and little towns, it must also interest large numbers, as an exceedingly practical question. It is evident that a great deal more can be done in a little space by careful planning and culture, than many of us are in the habit of supposing. We Americans have so much land, that we become careless and wasteful in our ways. Talking with a distinguished agriculturist the other day, he expressed his despair at ever being able to prevail upon his friends to adopt economical and thorough modes of farming. "There is too much land to be had at a few dollars an acre," said he. Probably it is so, taking the country through—but certainly, in the immediate neighborhood of our large cities, land is scarce and high enough to cause its owners to learn a fair share of thrift and wisdom.

☞ Late and authentic advices from Sebastopol represent that once famous city as in a most ruinous condition. "Commerce is stagnant, its streets are almost deserted, and the wretched inhabitants of the smaller houses which alone seem to be generally occupied, are in a most destitute state. All that can be seen of the once mighty Malakoff, may not inaptly be compared to a mountain capsized; the dockyard, instead of its former life and activity, resembles a mass of rocks; and those of the Government magazines which have not already tumbled in pieces, appear as if they were about to do so. There are no indications that the famous fortifications which frowned for so many months on a mighty foe are about to be restored, nor does it seem probable that they could be in the course of one generation. The American contractor is busy in his efforts to raise the sunken fleet of Russia."

And so all the stories with which we were favored by the sympathizers with Russia after the Crimean war, that Sebastopol was being made stronger than ever, despite the treaty—that the Allies had gained positively nothing, &c., &c., were simply inventions to conceal their own shortcomings in the way of judgment and prophecy.

A QUESTION WHICH IS ITS OWN ANSWER.—The *Journal des Debats*—a semi-official organ of Louis Napoleon—recently contained an article in condemnation of the uneasiness now being manifested in England respecting the future designs of the French Emperor. The article contains a multitude of common-places, but winds up with one very significant remark, as follows: "*When a cloud, highly charged with electricity, passes over our heads, why risk the eliciting of the flash from it? Who knows where it might fall?*"

The "plain English" of the above seems to be, "lie still, or you may catch a thrashing"—a piece of advice which will not be very apt to calm the uneasiness aforesaid, admitting that such was its object.

The English people, who are putting themselves to a yearly expense of some forty millions of dollars, simply on account of there being such a thunder cloud now gathered in their south-eastern heaven, are beginning to ask themselves whether war itself would be in the end more costly and unpleasant. If the word of Louis Napoleon could be relied upon, it would be different; but facts have proved that it cannot.

☞ It is not a matter of much importance, but still it is pleasant to hear that in the recent grand cricket match between Canada and the United States at Toronto, the champions of the latter were victorious. Among them, if we are not misinformed, were five of our best Philadelphia players.

☞ The Erie Railroad has been handed over to a Receiver appointed by the Courts, at the request of the Fourth bondholders. The shares are selling at five dollars for one hundred paid—a sad sinking of capital this, injurious not only to the immediate sufferers, but to their fellow-citizens.

——NATURE's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warmed a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies the pampered goose:
And just as short of reason—he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one—not one for all.
—*Pope.*

☞ He who tells a lie, is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.—*Pope.*

☞ Fashion is funded talent.—*Emerson.*

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Summer is the time to eat the lotus, and forget cark and care. To those who would withdraw from the loud world to a still, rich realm of enchanted reverie, an eligible opportunity, as Peckniff says, is now offered. For Tennyson's long-expected poem, THE IDYLS OF THE KING, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) has appeared at last. Here, then, is the lotus—let whoso will, eat, and float away in trance to Fairyland.

THE IDYLS OF THE KING prove the possibility of an epic even in this era, when we have been assured the day of epics is past. Add to the four poems which compose this volume, the noble Morte D'Arthur, and we have five leaves, as it were, of the epic which it is in Tennyson's genius to write. He may never do it, but no one reading this poem, and seeing what a fresh and splendid romance his master touch has made of the dry and tedious chronicle compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, can fail to wish that the whole mythic history of Arthur's reign might come from his hand, in lines of grace and colors of beauty, like these.

In the present volume, four, as we have said, of those dust-dry legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, appear, transmuted into ethereal and sumptuous poetry. It is a phantom pageant, but it has the verisimilitude of life, and as, to the charm of words like notes of music, passes the drama of the brave Geraint and the gentle Enid, of the grand Sir Lancelot and Elaine "the lily-maid of Astolat," of mighty Merlin and the serpent-beauty Vivien, and of the gorgeous Guinivere, time and clime and the common-place scenes and things of our own day melt from us, and we see in the vision of the mind, those peerless knights of stalwart grace, those ladies of wondrous and strange loveliness, those landscapes steeped in the magic shifting lights of faerie, and echoing to the melodies of love and sorrow, or the chivalric clang of arms—we see them as if they were the realities and our own life the illusion. It is no ordinary power that can weave for us so deep a spell. Not since the days of Spenser and Tasso, have we had such a poem as the IDYLS OF THE KING—not even in the works of those poets such strong artistic grace, such power of color and music, and shapes of beauty so charged with the element of strangeness, which Bacon found the essential element of all beauty that is exquisite. Dramatic interest, too, is not wanting, nor finely discriminated and masterly delineation of character. That rare power of imaging forth beautiful women, which Tennyson showed in his earlier poems, and that delicate knowledge of the feminine nature which is his by intuitive sympathy, are shown again in Vivien and Elaine and Guinivere. Assuredly the days of Arthur had no such minstrel as this lent them by the nineteenth century.

Of all which the book must itself be the evidence; for, though we may quote, no abstracted felicities of conception or expression could give an adequate idea of the beauty of the related whole, any more than a single jewel could tell the glories of the carcanet, or a single novel flower the magnificence of the fairy landscape in which it grew. But see what a bloom of dreams rests on this picture of the beautiful Enid sleeping:

"—— When the third day from the hunting-morn,
Made a low splendor in the world, and wings
Moved in her ivy, Enid, *for she lay
With her fair head in the dim-yellow light,
Among the dancing shadows of the birds*,
Woke, etc."

And here is a picture of a great knight in his slumber:—

"The new sun
Beat through the blindless casement of the room
And heated the strong warrior in his dreams;
Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside,
And bared the knotted column of his throat,
The massive square of his heroic breast,
And arms on which the standing muscle sloped
As slopes a wild brook on a little stone,
Running too vehemently to break upon it.
And Enid, woke and sat beside the couch,
Admiring him, and thought within herself,
Was ever man so grandly made as he!"

Here is a scene of graphic power—the rude hold of a robber-earl, done to the life:—

"But in the falling afternoon returned
The huge Earl Doorm with plunder to the hall.
His lusty spearmen followed him with noise:
Each hurling down a heap of things that rang
Against the pavement, cast his lance aside,
And doffed his helm: and then there fluttered in
Half bold, half-frighted, with dilated eyes,
A tribe of women, dressed in many hues,
And mingled with the spearmen; and Earl Doorm
Struck with a knife's haft hard against the board
And called for flesh and wine to feed his spears.
And men brought in whole hogs and quarter beeves,
And all the hall was dim with steam of flesh:
And none spake word, but all sat down at once
And ate with tumult in the naked hall,
Feeding like horses when you hear them feed."

In "Guinivere," we have this weird and solemn picture:—

"Queen Guinivere had fled the court, and sat
There in the holy house at Almesbury,
Weeping, none with her save a little maid,
A novice: *one low light betwixt them burned
Blurred by the creeping mist, for all abroad,
Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
The white mist like a face-cloth to the face
Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still.*"

The pictures in "Vivien" are wonderful, and in this poem there is a distinct allegory. How finely the scene opens!—

"A storm was coming, but the winds were still,
And in the wild woods of Broceliande
Before an oak so hollow, huge and old
It looked a tower of ruined masonwork,
At Merlin's feet the wileful Vivien lay.

There lay she all her length and kissed his feet,
As if in deepest reverence and love.
A snake of gold *was* round her hair; a robe
Of samite without price, *that more express
Than And her*, clung about her lissome limbs,
In color like the satin-shining palm
On sallows in the windy gleams of March."

Then—

"Missome Vivien, holding by his heel
Writhed toward him, sliding up his knee, and sat;
Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet
Together; curved an arm about his neck;
Clung like a snake; and letting her left hand
Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,
Made with her right a comb of pearl to part
The lists of such a beard as youth gone out
Had left in ashes."

This is a marvellous piece of description, not merely in its pictorial effect, but in its poetic significance. But this is not all:—

"——then, adding all at once,
'And lo, I clothe myself in wisdom' drew
The vast and shaggy mantle of his beard,
Across her neck and bosom to her knee,
And called herself a gilded summer fly,
Caught in a great old tyrant spider's web,
Who meant to eat her up in that wild wood
Without one word. So Vivien called herself,
*But rather seemed a lovely, baleful star
Veiled in gray vapor.*"

She seeks the wizard's ruin. He knows a charm "of woven paces and of waving hands," which will cause any one on whom it is practiced to seem to lie forever in a hollow tower, and, unseen by others, to remain "lost to life and use and name and fame." This, the wily Delilah finally succeeds in winning from him. She takes an oath that she means him no harm. But—

"Scarce had she ceased, when out of heaven a bolt,
(For now the storm was close above them) struck,
Furrowing a giant oak, and javelining
With darted spikes and splinters of the wood
The dark earth round. He raised his eyes and saw
The tree that shone white-limbed in the gloom,
But Vivien, fearing Heaven had heard her oath,
And dazzled by *the livid flickering fork*,
And deafened with *the stammering cracks and claps*
That followed, flying back and crying out
'Oh, Merlin, though you do not love me, save,
Yet save me,' clung to him."

Then comes the *denouement*, beginning with one of those subtly-analogical, rich, magical fancies which Tennyson alone, of all the sons of men, can conceive:

*The pale blood of the wizard at her touch
Took gayer colors, like an opal warmed.*
* * * * * She called him lord and liege,
Her seer, her hard, her silver star of eve,
Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love,
Of her whole life; and ever overhead
Bellowed the tempest, and the rotten branch
Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain
Above them; and in change of glare and gloom
Her eyes and neck glittering went and came;
Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent
Moaning and calling out of other lands,
Had left the ravaged woodlands yet once more
To peace; and what should not have been had been,
For Merlin, overtalked and overworn,
Had yielded, told her all the charm and slept.

Then in one moment she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

No poem in the volume has more exquisite passages, nor a gentler pathos, than that which tells the story of the hapless love of Elaine—

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,
Elaine the lily maid of Astolat."

Here, too, the pictures are of the loveliest. There is one of the beautiful Elaine gliding in twilight through "the wildly sculptured gates," and "down through the dim, rich city, to the fields," which must be hung forever in memory. Another, when she sits in her despair alone in the high tower, and when—

"Death, *like a friend's voice from a distant field,
Approaching through the darkness*, called; the owls
Wailing had power upon her, *and she mixt
Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind.*"

Still another, when she lies—dead and lovely—her bright hair streaming by her clear-featured face—drifting down the summer river in the dark barge, "like a star in blackest night." But we must quote no more. Our readers will see that the new poem is one of the most purely romantic in the language, and as an idealization of the days of chivalry it has never been equalled. Camelot and Lyonnesse are new lands, reclaimed from prose, and added by the genius of the laureate to the empire of the Muse.

A WEALTHY BRIDEGROOM.—The New York correspondent of The Charleston Mercury says, that the Senor O., whose approaching nuptials were alluded to in The Tribune last week, is "no less a person than Esteban St. Cruz Oviedo, of Cuba, and the fair American is Miss Fanny Bartlett, daughter of Capt. Bartlett, of Maine, late of the U. S. Navy. The gentleman is one of the richest residents of the sunny island, reputed to be worth about $4,000,000. He owns two large sugar plantations, worked by some 2,100 negroes, and a large number of houses and lots in the city of Havana. Many of your readers who have wintered in Washington, will doubtless recollect the fairy form, winning face, charming manners, and delightful conversational powers of Miss Bartlett, still in her 'teens,' and eminent among the crowd of belles who flutter in the gay *salons* of the Federal metropolis. The millionaire Senor has been, of late years, a frequent visitor to this city and to the fashionable watering-places North, and it is quite unnecessary, in this match-making world, to say that he has been an especial favorite with ambitious mammas, belonging to the real and accredited 'upper ten.' But the 'hour and the woman' had not come for the Senor until last New Year's day, when he met the fair heroine of this true tale, and surrendered at discretion. The preparations for the wedding are quite Oriental in their magnificence, and would have delighted the gorgeous author of *Vathek*, whose gem-dropping pen could alone do justice to them. What say you to $600,000 worth of jewelry to begin with? But the lavish outlay of the bridegroom does not stop here. The most cunning artificers of Paris are now at work upon the bridal jewels and decorations, which will cost another hundred thousand, and among which is a wreath of emerald leaves, diamonds and sapphire flowers, destined to bind upon the queenly head a thousand-dollar nuptial veil. But I will not task your imagination by dwelling further upon these dazzling particulars. The wedding will take place about the middle of August—first in Grace Church, to suit the Protestant inclinations of the bride and her family, and afterward at the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The happy couple will forego the usual foreign tour, and settle down at once in a palatial residence in Fourteenth street, where a series of brilliant receptions will inaugurate the honeymoon. I had forgotten to say, and will now add, by way of winding up the paragraph, that a sister of the bridegroom testifies her cordial appreciation of her brother's choice, by sending on a little bridal present worth $100,000 to her future sister in-law."

THE PEACE.—A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Milan, says that when the news of the peace came he saw a young French officer at the Cafe dell' Europa draw his sword after reading the bulletin, and break it against the marble table at which he sat. He heard others, who related the insulting words with which they had been assailed by the populace, sympathising with the feeling which had dictated these words, and only pressing their innocence of the transactions of their sovereign. The revulsions were so sudden and blasting to the Italians, that in one day five persons were carried to the mad house, raving maniacs.

THE Boston Ledger, now discontinued, is reported to have sunk $40,000 in the attempt to establish it.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE UNIVERSAL TOPIC—HOW THINGS ARE MANAGED—AN UNPOPULAR TREATY—A DISAPPOINTED HISTORIAN—MOVEMENTS IN ITALY—A RUMORED VISIT—A NEW STYLE OF CRITICISM.

Paris, July 21, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The excessive heat of the last week is the subject of universal comment and complaint; the thermometer having gone up several times as high as 99 degrees in the shade, and attaining, on one dreadful afternoon, the height of 101. The heat has been, and is, greater than at any period since 1794; in some of the southern towns of France the local courts, unable to transact business under the pressure of such a temperature, are meeting at half-past six in the morning; and from all parts of Europe come cries of distress for the parching up of the fruits of the earth, and the sufferings of man and beast from drought and sun-stroke. Of late years the months of June, July, and August appear to have an increasing temperature. When the annual temperatures are drawn out into a curve, it is found that they present a *minimum* nearly every 15 years. The *maximum* temperatures have been in 1808, 1825, 1843, 1846, 1847, 1852, 1854, 1857, 1858; but those years were, for the most part, much below the present. The *minima* points have been in 1771, 1784, 1799, 1814, 1829, 1838, 1856, or at intervals of 13, 15, 15, 15, 9, and 17 years; so that we are now, according to this calculation, on the advancing side of the curve of the temperature; and must expect, if this rule holds good, to be grilled every summer until at least 1862. The grapes, it is supposed, will be magnificent this year, and wine *ditto;* but strawberries, raspberries, and other summer fruits are scarce and dear. The excessive heat is drying up and killing not only the fruit, but the plants and bushes. A market gardener, who has forty acres of strawberries just outside of the town, tells me that his plants are actually dying, not of the drought, (for he has them watered every day,) but of "sun-stroke." They cannot support such a temperature as that in which we are now suffocating. The melons, even, find it "too hot."

This mention of *melons*, by the way, reminds me of a curious little fact brought to my knowledge the other day, and shows how strangely systematic the French are; in little things, as in larger ones, allowing their freedom of action to be fettered as a matter of course, and as though fetters were natural and inevitable things. The market gardener referred to, is also a great raiser of melons, has a great reputation for the fineness of his fruit, and has had the honor, for the last two years, of supplying the imperial table with this particular article. Every day his best melons are regularly consumed at the Tuileries; but they are always sent by him, not to the palace direct, but to the Central Fruit-Market, and thence to the Tuileries! Nobody in France ever thinks of getting a product direct from the producer. Everything must go through the regular chain of intermediaries, and reach the customer by the same prescribed road. As a French gentleman remarked to me a few days since, when lamenting the sluggishness and apathy with which all agricultural, and in general, all commercial undertakings are carried on here, "In France the middlemen are the bane and ruin of the producer."

The Emperor reached St. Cloud on Sunday last at ten o'clock, having travelled as rapidly as possible, affording the Parisians no chance of manifesting their feelings with regard to the peace thus hastily concluded, "because," as the Emperor says in his latest proclamation, "the revolution was beginning to mix itself up with the movement in Italy." When the news of the peace reached Paris, the Empress, expecting the Emperor back on the following Thursday, ordered the National Guard to be ready to turn out on that day, to form the hedge as usual, on his passage. It would seem that the universal disapprobation felt here by people of all shades of opinion, has induced the Emperor to return thus to his home in a manner which, considering the tastes and habits of the French, and the way in which they are accustomed to see every pretext for getting up a "spectacle" turned to account by their present ruler, may almost be termed "clandestine."

A grand reception of the various great bodies of the State has been held at St. Cloud, in which a vast deal of adulation was naturally offered to the Emperor, his "august spouse," and "that noble child;" but, as yet, Paris has not been favored with a sight of the imperial countenance; and as the whole family are just going off to the baths of Plombieres, it is tolerably clear that we shall not see the Emperor until the 15th of next month, his fete-day, when a detachment of every division that has taken part in the war, is to make a triumphal entry into this city; when the magnificent conduct of these brave fellows will, of course, ensure for them a warm reception, and the Emperor will thus, apparently, reap the glory of an ovation which, in the present state of public feeling, it is pretty certain would not be accorded to himself.

All eyes here are turned with anxiety on Italy, where, as we now learn, 40,000 French troops are to remain, under the orders of Marshal Vaillant; the rest of the army being brought back to France with all convenient speed. However much the beginning of the war may have been disapproved of, it was impossible not to hope that promises of liberty for that country, so boldly made in the face of Europe, so trustfully and nobly received by the Italians, should not have led to something better than this false and traitorous compromise with Austria, this utter mockery of Piedmont and the other Italian States whose people have so emphatically declared for union with her; this army of occupation encamped in the heart of a country whose people Louis Napoleon could urge, not a month ago, "to be soldiers only to day, in order to be the citizens of a great and free country to-morrow;" and the enthusiasm with which the Emperor's supposed championship of Italian freedom was regarded here by those who desire to see a more liberal regime introduced at home, is now equalled by the bitterness of the disappointment to which their hopes have been subjected. These persons, really believing that the Emperor was sincere in his promises to Italy, looked to his successes there, and to the liberal policy it was believed would follow them in that country, as the forerunners of the inauguration of a more liberal state of things here. Thus, after the battle of Magenta, a well known historian here, deservedly respected for his talent and moderation, and who, like all the intellectual men of France, deeply regrets the tightness of the rein now held over lips and pens, was walking in a state of quiet ecstacy through the streets, enjoying the illuminations, and dreaming of the "better days" they portended, when it struck him that he heard, among the cries and hum of voices about him, the cry of "*Vive l'Italie!*" at a little distance. Scarcely daring to believe his ears, and melted almost to tears with delight at the thought that things were mending to the point of permitting such a cry in the streets of Paris, M. H. M. rushed to a policeman who happened to be on duty near him, and exclaimed, "Oh, Monsieur, pray tell me, is it really *vive l'Italie* that I hear being cried near us?" The *sergeant*, supposing from the very respectable appearance of his interlocutor, that he was some devoted "friend of order," and fearing, from his evident emotion, that he was indignant at such a cry, and might therefore get him (the sergeant) into trouble by lodging a complaint against him for not doing his duty by arresting the authors of the supposed breach of the public peace, replied, with an alarmed and deprecatory expression of countenance. "But, monsieur, that cry is not forbidden! At least I have not received any orders respecting it!" M. M., whose fingers have been aching for the last two months to be writing of all the glorious things, for Italy, for France, and for the world in general, which he has been so confidently expecting to flow from "the change of policy" attributed to the Emperor, felt his enthusiasm a good deal "let down" by this reply, reminding him so clearly of the state of political and social tutelage to which France has contrived to bring herself; and showing so conclusively that the change of domestic *regime* he was looking for, was very far from being commenced as yet. As before remarked, the feeling of indignation at this betrayal of Italian interests, is universal in this city, whatever the papers may say to the contrary. The proclamation just posted up, explaining that the Emperor has made his peace, in order to avoid giving arms to "the Revolution," is severely criticised by the public. A friend, passing through the streets an hour ago, heard an *ouvrier*, who had just read it, declaring loudly that it was "an infamous betrayal!" My friend, though fully agreeing in the remark, was struck by the man's imprudence, and counselled him to be more prudent. "What good will you do by getting yourself snapped up and walked off to prison?" he asked of the excited workman. The latter gave a shrug such as only a Parisian can give, and, no doubt, appreciating the hint, walked quietly away. The feeling is, as already said, universal.

How the Commissioners of France, Austria, and Sardinia, who are, it is said, to meet at Zurich, to settle the details of the new arrangements, will manage to get the business into shape, no one can guess. Meantime, private letters from all parts of Italy speak of the excitement of the people, and the intensity of their indignation and disappointment. The resignation of Count Cavour and the whole Sardinian ministry is a significant fact; and still more significant is the news, which has just reached us, that Count Arese,—an intimate personal friend of the French Emperor, who was called upon to form the new Sardinian Cabinet,—has "not succeeded in the mission entrusted to him, and that M. Ratazzi, a far more advanced democrat than Cavour, has been called upon by Victor Emmanuel to form the new Government, and has already done so, himself succeeding Cavour. This fact is regarded here as the answer of Victor Emmanuel to the new policy of his late ally.

Meantime, the people of Tuscany are preparing to assert the privileges accorded to them by the Constitution of 1848, and are about to hold a general *plebescitum*, to pronounce on the form of government they wish to have. The other States of North Italy will no doubt follow this wise and dignified example; and it is difficult to believe that, should they declare against the restoration of their deposed rulers, that Austria and France will be allowed by the rest of Europe to force them into obedience at the point of the bayonet.

A deputation from Parma has just been to Turin, reiterating the desire of that duchy to join itself to Piedmont; and in Modena the people are signing an address to Victor Emmanuel, protesting against being separated from his kingdom.

The Emperor Francis Joseph is gone back to Vienna; but it is rumored here that he will soon, with the Empress, visit Paris, as the guest of his late adversary.

We hear most painful accounts of the tyrannous proceedings of Austria in Venice; the numerous arrests constantly being made there, and the cruelties with which these are accompanied. On the other hand, we are told that Francis Joseph is seriously determined to inaugurate the needed reforms in the various portions of his heterogeneous dominions, which are now to be put in possession of the benefits promised them by their Constitution of 1848.

The Exhibition of Fine Arts—got up like everything else in France by the Government—has just closed. Some few of the paintings, and one or two of the statues, are interesting; but, in general, the Exhibition has been more lacking in works of superior mark than any of its predecessors. The fact is that Art is adopted as a resource, a way of making one's living, by an immense number of persons who would be far more profitably employed in less pretentious avocations. And as purchasers of paintings and statues are comparatively rare in this country, the productions of these people remain unsold, to the great disgust and inconvenience of their producers. The Government purchases a few of the best things exhibited, bestowing them, sometimes on the Gallery of the Luxembourg in this city, sometimes on the Galleries of the principal provincial towns. It also awards medals and "honorable mentions," which are eagerly welcomed by their fortunate recipients. But, on the whole, the artistic career is not a brilliant or a lucrative one in France. The journals seem to consider it a duty to come out with long articles of criticism on the works exhibited; but the public gets tired of reading these once a week, in the guise of a *feuilleton*, for months together; and a knot of clever young writers, who have just clubbed their wits for the production of a very small pamphlet, that is to make its appearance every fortnight under the name of "*The Quarter of an Hour*," have hit upon a tolerably novel way of dealing with this department of contemporaneous criticism.

Having divided the entire exhibition into fourteen parts, the critic of *The Quarter of an Hour* bestows on his readers an account of the elements of one of these parts, in as many numbers of the magazine. For the enlightenment of the lovers of art, and the imitation of more prolix writers on similar subjects, I subjoin a few specimens of the "criticisms" in question:

BELLET DU POISAT—*Entry of the Hussites into the Council of Bale.*—Good drawing, full of movement and classic tone. But the painting not skillful enough to sustain the thought.

VILLAIN.—A darkened room, in which is a quantity of linen hung up to dry. A window opens upon a well; and another window opens upon a garden. A motherly-looking woman is drawing water from the well, beside which is another good woman washing clothes in a bucket. The two are gossiping to their hearts' content. A charming page, glowing with light; home-like, intimate, cordial, and amusing.—Would delight the honest Flemings whose pictures have so often delighted us.

SAIX—*Going to School.*—"Good morning, mamma!" "Be very good, darling!" "Oh, yes, mamma!" And the mother, her nursling in her arms, kisses the two little girls as they trip through the doorway.

BERCHERE—*Colossus of Memnon and Plains of Thebes.*—Very impressive. Solemnity of ages past. Tolerably painted.

MAURICE SAND—*The Wolves and the Minstrel.*—I confess to a weakness for fantastic pictures, and this one pleases me extremely by its eccentricity. A bagpipe-player is marching across a deserted, stony, uneven, and difficult plain. A saffron-colored moon, rising between clouds, lights up this wild landscape with broken and fitful rays; a pack of wolves follow the musician, enticed onward by his diabolic strains.—Black stones are rising also, in every direction, at the sound of the bagpipes, and are piling themselves up in wild and threatening shapes against the stormy background of the sky.—Hoffman would explode in mocking laughter and admiration at the sight of this nightmare visible; I feel a creeping in my backbone as I look at it, and involuntarily make the sign of the cross, Pagan though I be! What a story George Sand might give us from this picture, if she would!

GAUTIER.—"Little sisters! little sisters!—where are you going, in groups, some chattering, some praying, some silent, and some lost in reverie?"

"We are going to church to pray to God for the poor."

"Then pray for me, little sisters."

"Little sisters! little sisters! where are you going so early in the morning, while the *Angelus* is yet ringing, along this dead gray wall, under these leafless trees, towards the little green door that I espy down there, all in your close black frocks, with the blue ribbon across your shoulder, and your little white caps?"

"We are going to church to pray God for sinners!"

"Pray for me, little sisters!"

(Those who have seen the charming little picture referred to, of a charity-school on its way to church, will at once recognize the childish procession to which the critic addresses his entreaty.)

THE BALLAD OF THE THREE GIPSIES.

FIRST GIPSY—"I am trying to play you the Infernal Waltz of Faust, but I can hardly manage it; the painter, who has given me a mighty fine fiddle, has stuck his sky so close upon my shoulders! Oh, help, help, I am stifling! I am stifling!"

SECOND GIPSY (*to First Gipsy*): "Whom are you playing to, man? I exist in the pictures of Velasquez; if you played for me *there*, I might be able to hear you, but here it is only my shadow which speaks to you, and which seems to be asleep on the ground beside you."

THIRD GIPSY (*turning to the two others*): "My back is covered with mud, and I don't feel at all well. Do you see no river where I could go and wash? But alas, there is neither water, nor land, nor grass, nor anything earthly! We ourselves have scarcely a faint breath of life in us!"

THE THREE GIPSIES (*in chorus*): "M. Bellet du Poisat has simply been making game of us! A whim of his fancy called us into existence, and the unskillfulness of his brush has killed us! What a hard fate for three unoffending gipsies!"

DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN ASS, A GREEN DOOR, AND AN APPLE-TREE.

THE ASS.

"Let me in, my good little door!"

THE DOOR.

"No, you unmannerly old wretch, I won't do anything of the kind. I'll teach you to kick me in going out, as you did this morning!"

THE APPLE TREE.

"Will you come and have a little chat with me, my good little donkey? Stay under my shadow, where it is so nice and cool!"

THE ASS.

"Vile cur of a door! rotten old board! Ha! you think I am going to wear out my ears in beseeching you? I want to eat my oats; the panniers are taking the skin off my back; I'll give you a precious push with my shoulder, I'll knock you down, I will! I'm not over patient, I'm not! Will you open? One, two—"

THE DOOR.

—"And the master's cudgel, you vicious old brute! Just you venture to touch me, that's all! I'll set up such a creaking!"

THE APPLE-TREE.

"If you are hungry, eat the grass; see how green it grows at my foot. Come and rub your poor old sides against my bark, and leave that spiteful old Door to herself!"

THE ASS.

"Leave off your bothering, do! Dear, sweet little door! open, now, there's a little darling! Why, how fresh and pretty you are to-day! Who has been painting you, that you are so handsome! Away yonder, I took you for our master's waistcoat!"

THE DOOR.

"Ah, now, that's something like talking! I never can resist a gentle appeal. Come in, flatterer!"

(*Door opens, the Ass goes in and gives it a kick in entering. The Apple-tree weeps gummy tears.*)

QUANTUM.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ENGLAND DEMANDS A GENERAL DISARMAMENT PREVIOUS TO THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS—WHEAT ADVANCED—CORN LOWER—CONSOLS 95.

FARTHER POINT, below Quebec, Aug. 7.—The steamship Nova Scotian, from Liverpool on the 27th ult., has passed this point bound to Quebec.

England demands the general disarmament of the recent belligerent Powers, as a condition for taking part in the European Congress.

It is reported that Count Walewski has submitted a plan for the Confederation of Italy. It is to comprise seven States, and the Presidency is nominally given to the Pope, but in reality to the Kings of Sardinia and Naples, alternately. The strong places to be garrisoned by the Federal troops are Gaeta, Mantua, and Piacenza. The votes in the Federal diet, according to this proposition, are to be divided as follows: Parma one; Modena one; the Pope two; Tuscany two; Sardinia three, and Naples three.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Lords, Lord Lyndhurst defended himself from the charges of Mr. Bright, on account of the warning voice he raised, and asked if the Admiralty were aware that the French were arming their fleets with rifled cannon.

The Duke of Somerset replied in the affirmative, and said that although England had improved cannon in process of manufacture, it could not be ready for some time.

In the House of Commons, Sir De Lacy Evans moved for the appointment of a commission to inquire into the national defences, and report what improvements were possible. It is understood that the Government has assented to the substance of the resolution.

The Government, however, would not assent to the motion, but were willing to the appointment of a Committee to inquire what permanent fortifications were necessary for the defence of the dock-yards and arsenals. Sir De Lacy Evans' resolution was negatived.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.—Nothing of moment had transpired in regard to the conference at Zurich, nor is it known whether Sardinia would take a part. A despatch of the 25th, from Rome, however, says that the representatives of the three powers were expected to meet at the end of July.

It was vaguely rumored in Paris on the 25th, that Napoleon would visit London.

The London Daily News believes that although the scheme of an Italian Confederation may not have been formally struck off the programme, it is not now insisted on by its author, and that little more will be heard of it.

The French fleet had sailed from "Lizzonia," and it was reported that a portion of the French army had begun to leave Italy.

It is asserted that a Military Convention between France and Austria, relative to Italy, has been concluded, and that Lombardy is to take a fair share of the national debt.

LONDON, July, 27.—M. D. Ambrois, a very enlightened man, has been named as the Sardinian Plenipotentiary to the conference at Zurich. Austria, however, refuses to meet any Sardinian representative, but will leave it open to Sardinia to accede to the treaty after its conclusion by Austria and France.

The Duke of Tuscany has expressed his willingness to abdicate in favor of his son, who promises a constitution, but the Tuscans object altogether to the dynasty.

FRANCE.—The Duke of Malakoff has been appointed Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor.

It is reported that about 200,000 men will be discharged from the army on the renewable furlough, the advantage being that the government will have them still on hand, while their cost will be directed to other purposes.

The wine accounts are unfavorable, the grapes being injured by the excessive heat. Prices tended upward.

The *Moniteur de la Flotte*, the Government organ, says that Denmark has ceded the Island of St. Thomas to the United States.

SARDINIA.—Le Nord says that one of the first acts of the new Ministry will be to put an end to the present dictatorship, and an electoral bill applicable to Lombardy. A dissolution will then take place, in order to effect in the new Chambers a complete fusion of Piedmont and Lombardy. The King will preside, and the Parliament sit in alternate years, at Turin and Milan.

The Turin journals say that the army, reinforced by recent recruits in Lombardy, is to be raised to 200,000 men.

Gen. Garibaldi has had an interview with General Marmora, at Brescia, on the 15th ult. He stated that he had 12,000 men, and his force continued to increase. He expressed confidence in the King of Sardinia not forsaking the Italian cause.

A Milan letter in the London Times says, that General Garibaldi is about to move to the Appenines. There will be a gathering of 50,900 volunteers in the Romagna, and Garibaldi's corps added to that of Mezzocapo will form an army capable to secure the independence of Central Italy, at least, against any Roman or Neapolitan force.

It is rumored that the Duke of Modena proposed to arm 4,000 Austrian troops to enable him to enter his State. Also, that a division of the French army is to enter Parma and Tuscany, and another corps the Roman Legations, for the purpose of simply preserving order, and allowing the free expression of public opinion.

The Pontifical Government has issued a circular complaining bitterly of the action of Victor Emmanuel, and asking the assistance and protection of foreign Governments in vindication of its rights.

A great number of addresses are being signed in the Romagna against the return of the Clerical Government, and in favor of an union with Sardinia. It is stated that the principle of Italian confederation will be accepted by the Pope, a majority of the Cardinals having voted in its favor.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Tuesday, July 26.—The Cotton Market closes steady. In some cases an advance of ⅛d has been obtained over the last quotations.

STATE OF TRADE.—At Manchester the markets are active, and an advance in quotations is reported.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The weather continued favorable for the crops. The Breadstuffs market generally has an advancing tendency, with the exception of Corn. Messrs Richardson & Spence report Flour dull, holders demanding an advance. Wheat is quoted 2d higher. Corn dull and declining. The prices are easier, but there is no change reported in the quotations.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—The Provision market continues to have a declining tendency.

Beef heavy, quotations nominal; Pork heavy, quotations nominally unchanged; Bacon dull; Lard quiet; Rice quiet.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET.—Rosin steady; Spirits of Turpentine heavy and slightly declined.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, July 25.—The closing quotations of Tuesday for Consols were 94¼@95 for money, and 95@95¼ for account.

LONDON MARKETS, July 26.—Wheat generally closed with an advancing tendency, and prices are 2s higher.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, July 26.—The money market is generally unchanged. American securities are dull.

NEWS ITEMS.

A FASHIONABLE PRIMA DONNA IN TROUBLE.—The Newport correspondent of the Providence Evening Press, in a letter dated August 1, says: "On Saturday last there was an extraordinary fluttering among the fashionables upon learning that the beautiful and gifted Cora de Wilhorst had been compelled to apply for the intervention of the police to terminate certain maltreatment to which she had been subjected by her husband—the so-called Count.

WORK has been resumed on the Washington National Monument, under a Society, chartered by Congress, of which Mr. Buchanan is President, and a box has been placed in every post-office to receive contributions.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN KANSAS.—In the constitution being formed for Kansas, women are allowed to vote in school matters. They may vote for school officers, school taxes, and everything pertaining to the organization of the Common Schools, equally with men. Conferring this much of the elective franchise upon females is intended as an experiment. We believe the females are allowed to vote in school matters in Canada and Louisiana.

DEATH OF HON. HORACE MANN.—Cincinnati, Aug. 2.—Horace Mann, President of Antioch College, and ex Governor of Massachusetts, died at Yellow Springs, at half-past four o'clock this afternoon.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, husband, and youngest daughter have sailed for Europe in the Africa—appropriate name that. Professor Stowe will return in October. Mrs. Stowe will spend a year in travelling. Her twin daughters are in Paris, and her son Frederick sailed last Saturday in company with Mr. Scoville, of Andover; the two intending to make a pedestrian tour in Europe.

A LETTER, received by the Ocean Queen, dated London 19th, says that nothing had been heard there from Kossuth for several days, and it was feared that he had been treacherously dealt with.

A DISMAL PROFESSION.—A letter writer says: "In Amsterdam I saw a queer looking fellow walking around dressed in black, with a cocked hat on his head, from which crape dangled to his heels, with short breeches, knee buckles and black stockings, and a short black cloak, from the collar of which another roll of crape hung down to the ground. Upon inquiry, I discovered that he was a *death announcer*.

A RUNAWAY wife in St. Louis recently, carried off not only her lord's feather bed and other valuables, but his best coat, pants, vest, &c., leaving him with a destitute home and wardrobe.

APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY TO VEGETATION.—A committee of French *savans* were occupied recently in the investigation of the new discovery of Dr. Reybold, whose declaration of having found means of mastering the powers of production by means of electricity, met with such violent opposition from the Academie some time ago. The result of the examination appears to have been most satisfactory. Dr. Reybold's system of applying electricity to the earth itself enables him to force the grain sown to sprout in three days. The expense is trifling, and the electric power so great that a powerful electric shock is felt by applying the hand to the earth which has been acted upon by Dr. Reybold's machine.

A NEW ORLEANS paper gives an account of a new invention introduced to public notice there recently. It is to be placed on railroad cars so as to enable them to turn corners at right angles, or nearly so. The invention is very simple, and would astonish almost any one with its simplicity. The whole thing is done by the wheel, and not by any change in the axle or by any improved fifth wheel, as most persons would be likely to suppose.

THE Hon. Richard Rush, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, Minister to England and France, &c., died recently in this city, in his 79th year.

IMPORTANT FACT.—A French cook has stated that there are precisely one hundred and thirty-one different kinds of wine which a gentleman may put upon his table without a blush.

THE San Francisco Fourth-of July orator, Mr. John W. Watson, wound up in the following "thrilling" style:

"But if the time shall unhappily come when this mighty fabric shall yield to the parricidal attacks of civil discord, I pray God that its fate may be oblivion, that no wreck or vestige of its existence may remain to attest its former greatness or incite the story of its fall. Let the Atlantic and the Pacific meet in a mournful embrace over its ruins, and their commingled waves sing its requiem."

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN has addressed a letter to the Hon. Wilson McCandless, of Pittsburg, called forth by the article in the Post, of that city, about his re-election in which he expresses a final and conclusive determination not to become a candidate for the Presidency again.

KOSSUTH.—M. Kossuth has fled to Switzerland. *He thus seems to have lost no time in leaving Italy immediately on the news of the peace treaty*, and so escaped a conference with Emperor or Kaiser. What has become of the Hungarian Committee assembled at Genoa does not appear, and the elaborate scheme of revolutionizing Hungary has of course disappeared with the cessation of war.

AUSTRIA AND LOMBARDY.—Since the Spanish war of succession—1701—Austria has lost and regained Lombardy no fewer than 12 times.—On the 11th of July, 1859, she lost it for the 13th time.

DEMETRIOS BOZZARIS, a son of the celebrated Marco Bozzaris, has been appointed Greek Minister of War.

MRS. BROCKMAN, of Huntington, Me., the woman who, about seventeen months since, had four children at one birth, has recently been delivered of three more, all reported to be living.

BOYS should look before they leap, when diving. A boy in Brooklyn, N. Y., named Brown, made a dive on Friday last, and buried his head so deep in the mud that he was unable to extricate himself, and consequently died from suffocation.

A PAIR of handsome black horses, lately owned by Mr. Sanderson, of Somerville, New Jersey, of Blackhawk and Trustee blood, have been sold to the Emperor of the French for four thousand dollars. They sailed for France last week.

DICKENS COMING.—NEW YORK, August 6.—A private letter received by a well-known literary gentleman in this city (per Persia), states that Dickens, the novelist, will visit this city in the early part of November, on a professional tour. He will deliver a course of lectures throughout the country. [Where are the young men with their "hearts in their hands?"]

☞ We have had some days in our possession, says the Evening Post, a one-dollar bill on the City Bank of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, which bears on its back a burden as follows:

This one-dollar bill is all that I received for performing the marriage ceremony between John Gibbs and Mary Wallace of the town of Salem, Kenosha county, Wisconsin, after having travelled five miles in the cold, and paid $2 50 for livery. JAMES L. SCHELL.

☞ It has been inferred that Dryden wasn't opposed to slavery cobblers, from a remark he once made—"Straws may be made the instruments of happiness."

THE ELECTIONS.

TEXAS.—NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 6.—From the returns received here of the Texas election, it is thought that Gen. Houston is elected Governor, by from 3,000 to 5,000 majority.

TENNESSEE.—NASHVILLE, Aug. 7.—The Democratic candidate for Governor, Isham G. Harris, will have a majority of about 6,000. The Legislature will also be Democratic. The Congressional Delegation, it is thought, will stand six Opposition to four Democrats.

KENTUCKY.—Magoffin, Dem., is believed to be elected Governor by from 7,000 to 10,000 majority. The present Governor is Morehead, American. The Legislature is Democratic. The Americans appear to have gained one member of Congress. Thomas H. Clay, a brother of the Congressman, and son of Henry Clay, is elected to the State Senate from Fayette county, on the opposition ticket.

ALABAMA.—The Democrats have carried everything. Whole Congressional Delegation Democratic, as it was last year.

MISSOURI.—In St. Louis, city and county, Chas. D. Drake, (Dem.) is elected over A. S. Mitchell, for the Legislature, by 1,500 majority. Frederick Kretchmar, (Dem.) over Bernard Poepping, for Clerk of the Criminal Court, by 2,000 majority. The Republicans elect three out of five County Commissioners, and one member of the Legislature, by about 1,500 majority, and the balance of their ticket. The American ticket was made up from the Democratic and the Republican tickets—and its candidates elected.

OREGON.—The Overland Mail from San Francisco on the 15th ult., has reached Jefferson City. Incomplete returns from the Oregon Congressional election indicate the success of Mr. Stout (Dem.) by a small majority.

NORTH CAROLINA.—There is an Opposition gain of one, and perhaps two, in the Congressional delegation.

THE EARL OF DERBY'S SPEECH.—Lord Derby, the late Premier, at a great dinner given to him, a fortnight ago, by the Conservatives in London, said:

"The passions of men throughout Europe have been excited. Great armaments have been brought together. Above all, in France, that strong military feeling which used to be predominant in that country, but which for a time appeared to have been lulled to sleep, and had given way to feelings of peace—this military ardor has been again called forth, and the sudden cessation of the war has not permitted the passions which have been so kindled to be satisfied. [Hear.] France has now not only a powerful army, but she is continuing to increase in efficiency a most powerful and most threatening fleet, which is by no means necessary for purposes of self-defence. France may safely rely upon her army, but her powerful fleets must be to the other nations of the world an object, not of self-defence, but of aggression. I believe sincerely that the Emperor of the French is desirous of maintaining friendly relations with this country, and I earnestly hope they may be maintained. But I say those friendly relations will be imperilled if, in order to guard against a possibility of an alteration of feeling on his own part or on that of his country, we are obliged to make the almost superhuman efforts which we are making and must continue to make for the purpose of keeping our navy in that state of warlike preparation which is essential to the very existence of this country. I say we desire to remain at peace, and that desire, I am sure, is shared in by the present Government; but the position of France at this moment, with her powerful army, with a large and increasing navy, and the military spirit awakened in the people, whatever may be the personal objects and wishes of the Emperor, must endanger the friendly relations which should exist between us, and may lead to a war which must be fatal to the happiness and interests of Europe. [Cheers.] I look with anxiety but confidence to my countrymen, that they will not suffer this or any other Government to slacken in those efforts which are imperatively necessary to place this country on a footing of perfect security. [Cheers.] However much I may trust in the good feeling, the good wishes and sound policy of the Emperor of the French, I echo the noble sentiment uttered the other night by my illustrious and venerable friend Lord Lyndhurst, that whatever confidence I may have in others, I will not consent to be dependent for the safety, honor and interests of this country on the good-will or forbearance of France, or any other country in the world. [Cheers.] Gentlemen, earnestly desirous as I am for the preservation of peace, I am satisfied that you go along with me in saying that it is the first duty of this country to be thoroughly prepared for self-defence; that no false economy, no niggardly parsimony, must deprive her of the best and most earnest efforts to strengthen and improve her national defences. [Cheers.]"

☞ "Why are you like an annual, my darling?" said a saucy lover, binding his arms around Harriet's waist. "I can't say. Why?" "Because you are handsomely bound." "Indeed! Why, then, am I like a law book?" "Really, I can't tell." "Because I am bound in calf."

☞ Absence, which smothers into decay a rootless fancy, often nourishes the least seed of a true affection into full-flowering love.—*John Halifax.*

☞ Nobody is more certain to be overreached than your sharp fellow. If nobody else overreaches him, he is very sure to overreach himself.

☞ He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.—*Hume.*

☞ Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to mend. Oh, it is cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches.—*Fuller.*

☞ Hogs are universally considered dirty animals; nevertheless, a pig likes his daily wash.

☞ It is hard to personate and act a part long; therefore, if a man thinks it convenient to seem good, let him be so, indeed.—*Tillotson.*

☞ THE HEAT.—We have it upon (need this reliable authority (as the Morning Advertiser is always saying half-a-dozen times ewoond ay that the keeper of the Koh i Noor visited it, when he went to look at it the other day after dinner time, found to his astonishment, that the "mountain of light" had been turned by the excessive heat into a heap of—the reader will never believe it—of boiled *carats!*—*Punch.*

☞ No house is big enough for two wits to live in together.

☞ An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.—*Swift.*

☞ Easiness of disposition conciliates bad and good alike; it draws affections to it, and relaxes enmities; but that same easiness renders us too often negligent of our graver duties.—*Blake.*

☞ A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.—*Simonides.*

☞ I am for the philosophy that fits us for the world, not that which teaches us to abandon it.—*Tremaine (Ward).*

☞ All other love is extinguished by self-love; beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it.—*Epicurus.*

DANIEL GRAY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

If I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well: in fact, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
And was not called upon among the gifted,
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose, that, in his prayers and graces,
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now,—his form, and face and motions,
His homespun habit and his silver hair,—
And hear the language of his trite devotions
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen-chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded,—
"Help us, oh, Lord, to pray, and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering-and-to-conquer" rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him:
He never kissed his children,—so they say;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He could see nought but vanity in beauty,
And nought but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And I am told that, when his Charley died,
Nor Nature's need nor gentle word could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rose-bud, gathered early,—
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

My good old friend was very hard on fashion,
And held its votaries in lofty scorn,
And often burst into a holy passion
While the gay crowds went by on Sunday morn.

Yet he was vain, old Gray, and did not know it,
He wore his hair unparted, long and plain,
To hide the handsome brow that slept below it,
For fear the world would think that he was vain!

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind;
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

Yet that sweet tale of gift without repentance,
Told of the Master, touched him to the core,
And tearless he could never read the sentence:
"Neither do I condemn thee: sin no more."

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way,
His mighty Friend in heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray
In the great company of the forgiven,
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

ADAM DE CRAPONNE:

One of the World's Benefactors.

Of all the fair valleys of Provence, the valley of the Durance is the fairest; its thriving plantations of olives, its fields glowing with ripening harvests, its vineyards loaded with magnificent grapes, all arrest the admiration of the traveller, and cause him to exclaim, at every step, "Happy are the people born in such a land!" And yet, scarcely four centuries ago, this fair landscape was shrouded in the desolation of barrenness; a scorched and arid soil scarcely sufficed to supply the scanty food of a diminished and sickly population: while frequent inundations, first sweeping away the hard-won harvest of the laborer, and then settling down into pestilential marshes, produced an annual contagion, that decimated the miserable inhabitants of this unhappy province.

It was thus, amidst scenes of poverty and disease, that Adam de Craponne passed his early years. He was born in the year 1521, at the village of Salon, in Lower Provence, the descendant of a family formerly distinguished [illegible] and illustrious men, and still holding [illegible]itable position among the provincial [illegible]ermanry. The times had already passed away [illegible] gentleman would have blushed to ac[illegible]knowledge any intimacy with the *clerkly* pursuits [illegible]reading or writing; public acts were no longer terminated by the invariable formula, "et ledit seigneur a declare ne savoir signer, attendu sa qualite de gentilhomme;" still a remnant of this long-existing prejudice interdicted to the French nobility any proficiency in the arts and sciences, and Adam de Craponne showed a spirit in advance of his time, when, even in childhood, he devoted himself with serious attention to the lessons of his masters. As his intellect developed, he felt it completely impossible to submit to this absurd law of opinion; having been born with a genius for mathematics, he had learned, before the age of fifteen, all that his provincial masters could teach him; and from that time pursued his problems unassisted, giving them a practical tendency by applying his acquirements to the science of hydraulic architecture, and soon gaining the reputation of being the best engineer of his day.

It was not without a motive that he had devoted himself to this pursuit. From earliest childhood he had manifested the deepest tenderness of heart and sympathy with the sufferers around him; his childish dainties were always shared with his favored children, and his mother could give him no greater reward than the power of relieving some object of distress encountered in his walks. Often she had been obliged to say: "My child, we cannot relieve them all!" The words sank deep into his heart; they gave a direction to his studies, and laid the foundation of a project which became the day-dream of his life.

The most pressing evil in this dreary locality was the fever which annually wasted away the strength of the inhabitants, and desolated their homes. There were no sanitary commissions in those days to enlarge on the advantages of drainage; but it was obvious to the most uninstructed that, so long as the marsh of Frejus and its minor depositories sent forth their pestilential emanations to meet the summer sun, that season must remain for them a sorrow instead of a joy. The evil and its cause were thus generally recognized, but it devolved on our young philanthropist to devise the remedy. He devoted a considerable time to the different bearings of the case, took his levels with exactness, and counted the cost; then submitting his plan and his estimate to the leading engineers of the day, he was not only gratified by their cordial approbation of his talent, but also appreciating his generous motive, they transmitted the documents to Henry II., then reigning monarch of France; who, equally struck with the talents and the zeal of the young engineer, immediately authorized this important work, and confided the conduct of it to its warm-hearted originator.

We may well believe his heart was more touched with the good he had in view, than by any personal distinction. His name was on every lip; he was invited to court, and received with flattering notice; at a time when royal favor was all in all, he might easily have made his fortune; but he valued courtly smiles only as stepping-stones to further usefulness, and withdrew from them as much as possible, to devote his time to the studies necessary for maturing his plans. How easily in the present day an act of Parliament would have authorized his undertaking, and a joint stock company contributed the funds; but in those different times all depended on individual exertion and individual favor. The path to the noblest ends was a tortuous, and often a polluted one; the best and purest had to stoop to propitiate the vile; and six years of courtly life Adam had to endure in Paris, though he devoted every spare moment to his favorite pursuit.

When he returned to his early home, it was at the commencement of the hot season; and although the marsh no longer sent forth its fetid exhalations, still the picture of scanty crops, of poverty and discontent, to which he had been early accustomed, and had never forgotten during his long absence, seemed now heightened into tenfold wretchedness to his unaccustomed sight. He had been long entitled throughout the entire province "the poor man's friend," and soon found that this was not a mere honorary appellation. Each day some ruined householder would seek for aid at his door—either the heat had withered up their olives, or the expected harvest had perished, or the *mistral* had scattered the almond blossoms, and the untimely fruit lay on the ground. Again and again his mother's words would recur to his memory: "How can I relieve them all?" and again, while his purse was never closed, and his sympathy ever ready to encourage the desponding, his own heart was kept from sinking by the remembrance of his early day-dream, and by the consciousness that he had yet the power to realize it.

We may imagine him, at the close of one of those long, weary summer days, worn out and dispirited by his fruitless labors of love. He sits beside his open casement; the hot night air brings no refreshment to his brow; he leans his head upon his hand, sadly thinking of all the scenes he has witnessed throughout the day; his musings become more rapt; they take a different turn; he raises his head, with a smile, his eye brightens, he starts to his feet,—what music is in his ear? It is "as the sound of many waters;" he calls for his lamp, seizes his pen, and, convinced that the right hour is come, with the fervid eloquence of a heart profoundly touched, he details the miseries of the district to his King, dwells upon their baneful influence on the moral as well as physical well-being of the people, relates how the hardy laborer has become a dangerous and reckless robber; and again submitting his plan, supplicates for the means to snatch his fellow-countrymen from ruin. According to the fashion of the time, he made assurance doubly sure by also addressing himself to Ambrose Pare, the King's physician, and to Diana of Poitiers, to whom he had rendered some personal service while at court.

Hot courtiers are faithless to a proverb, and neither sovereign nor subordinates justified the confidence Craponne had placed in them. After weeks of unaccountable delay, instead of the assistance on which he had so confidently reckoned, he received from Henry II. a grant in form of fief "to Adam de Craponne, gentleman of the town of Salon-en-Cran, of all rights and duties of octroi on the waters of the Durance, which should henceforth flow through his canal!"

Notwithstanding the bitterness of this disappointment, Adam would not now allow himself to be discouraged, and no longer hoping for royal aid to forward his great design, he resolved to take it on himself, and to devote his entire time and fortune to its accomplishment.

Adam de Craponne was so generally beloved that this enterprise, visionary as it may have seemed, became possible for him. He assembled the heads of families whom he had so often succored, imparted to them his cherished project, and claimed their assistance. They listened with profound respect and gratitude; hardly had he concluded, when hundreds of voices were raised in acclamation and thankful acceptance of his offers; hundreds of stout arms were proffered for his service; and encouraging his army of laborers by his immediate example, he forthwith seized a spade, and turning the first sod, entered on the realization of his life-long dream.

Everywhere willing hands were at his disposal; even a band of robbers who had for some time ravaged the country, driven to crime through destitution rather than deliberate choice, being offered a fair recompense for their labor, gladly exchanged the poniard and musket for the shovel and spade, thus becoming useful members of the community; and so the work went on. But Craponne had now to encounter a different class of individuals. He had been in treaty with the neighboring communes and proprietors for the ground necessary for the canal; many, emulating his disinterestedness, had placed at his disposal the corner of a field or vineyard, an olive plantation, or an almond grove, through which the cutting should pass; but a far more numerous proprietary viewed the undertaking as an opportunity of gaining ready money, and Adam, determined in the first instance to liquidate the hire of his workmen, found himself called on to pay beforehand for the ground on which they were to work. He contemplated with terror the rapid diminution of his resources, but there was now no drawing back. To renounce his undertaking or to leave it unfinished would entail the loss of all he had expended, and in addition to his original motives, his honor was now involved in his success. Confident in his talents, and relying on his integrity, several farmers in the neighborhood had advanced small loans towards the work, and Adam knew that he could now only fulfill his engagements to them by completing the work, and thus rendering the government grant of its profits available.

In this extremity, he again had recourse to Henry, and to the parliament; but from both those powers he received good wishes and congratulations, and nothing more. The nobility of the province showed no greater generosity; each individual lauded his disinterestedness to the skies, his goodness, his genius, but not one contributed the smallest offering to his undertaking. Nothing daunted, Adam passed on to the *bourgeoisie*, and having vainly endeavored to enlist their feelings of honor and humanity in favor of his work, he tried them on the score of interest, promising to recompense a hundred-fold whoever furnished him with the means of completing it; but a smile and a shrug was all "the generous enthusiast" could obtain.

There still remained a chateau and a small demesne, descended from his ancestors, and his last and most cherished possession. It was sold; and by this sacrifice, after five years of losses, privations, and discouragement, still never faltering, never relinquishing hope, he reached the goal—the canal was completed at length. What then were all his past troubles! They only served to enhance the rapture of that crowning day when the sparkling waters of the Durance, precipitating themselves into their new bed, flowed along through the sterile wastes they were so soon to transform into a blooming garden, waving with golden corn, glowing with sunny fruits.

The entire population from Cadenet to Berre, a distance of thirty leagues, pressed along the banks of the canal, each individual anticipating the arrival of the waters with joyous acclamations. At Salon, all the clergy, the chapter of St. Laurent, and the brotherhood of penitents, formed a procession to the bounds of the territory to bless this source of abundance, opened up by the Salonais engineer.—Following the different religious orders came the municipal corps, the sturdy laborers, the pale tradesmen, and then a crowd of women, children, and old men, all filled with wondering expectation, all resounding the praises of Adam de Craponne, as they mingled his name with the psalms they chanted in honor of God.

But they sought him in vain. As modest as he was gifted, the originator of all this happiness had stolen away from the triumph prepared for him. Concealed in the house of a relation, he beheld—himself unseen—the crowd pass by; and as each joyous burst of acclamation reached him, as he contemplated their enthusiastic gestures, he, who till then had known neither doubt nor fear, whom no obstacles could discourage, no disappointment unnerve—now, even amidst his well-founded confidence in his success, he felt a sudden thrill as he asked himself, could there be any failure after all? He knelt in fervent prayer, and with difficulty succeeded in surmounting his agitation. Just then, a shout rending the air proclaimed the arrival of the waters on the territory of Salon; borne with it on the breeze seemed to come the rushing sound of his former night-watch, now no fanciful illusion. Again he cast himself on his knees, rendering thanks to God as he exclaimed: "From henceforth, no willing laborer shall want for bread."

His prophecy was speedily realized. Hardly was the canal completed, when rippling streams on every side irrigated the valley of La Cran, covering its barren soil with the richest verdure, and bringing life and fruitfulness to its trees. Thirty thousand four hundred and forty-nine hectares of unproductive soil, the property of eighteen communes, were soon transformed into a smiling landscape, and peopled with a robust and joyous peasantry, such as form its inhabitants at the present day.

Would that we could thus take our leave of Adam de Craponne; with the great wish of his heart fulfilled, enjoying the respect and gratitude he had so nobly won, and living on to an honored old age, his days gliding peacefully along like the waters he had won from their troubled bed, amidst scenes of beauty and abundance; but this is not the world's way; its greatest benefactors have been fain to feel that here is not their rest, and that their happiness springs more from within than without. We have spoken of Adam's modest home at Salon; this house, his last remaining possession, bears a different aspect now. One by one, each heir-loom, each cherished memorial, each article of value, had been removed and sold, to meet some pressing exigency in his work. At last, the house itself was mortgaged for half its value, and now even a shelter within its walls is dependent on his ability to pay punctually, or on the forbearance of his creditor. With all his calculating powers, it was not in Adam's power to estimate exactly the immense expenditure, or the sacrifices requisite to obtain funds; he had continued the work in faith and love, his mind fixed on the result, without a thought of his own future lot. Once embarked, he should continue at any cost; and thus, to secure the co-operation of the proprietors along the canal, he was obliged to cede to them the privileges granted by royal favor, merely reserving a small revenue for himself, how often encroached on we may imagine, when the recipient was one who could never bear to exact a tribute from the poor man's olive tree, or set a price on the water that refreshed his corn. He had erected corn and oil mills on different favorable sites, rationally expecting from their profits to meet his pecuniary engagements; but his creditors, well aware of the advantage within their grasp, allowed no time for them to work, and forced him to give these up to them also.

He was overwhelmed with law proceedings, on account of certain informalities in the deeds of conveyance of the lands for the canal, so that, at length, harrassed and weary of all this contention, he cut the Gordian-knot; and on condition of being relieved from all embarrassment, signed a deed of renunciation of all his rights and royalties in favor of his creditors, stipulating only that they should bind themselves to preserve the canal in good order—a superfluous clause, as it was their interest to do so—and receiving in return a voluntary testimony to his worth and their ingratitude, in a small pension securing him barely a subsistence for life.

Yet they could not wring from him his brightest treasure—his accomplished work; the smiling harvests, the clustering vines, were all his own in the noblest sense, meeting his eyes on every side, and filling his heart with gladness; the poor of the land were his children, and to them he had secured its fertility as a heritage for ever. We may almost imagine the quiet smile with which he signed the deed which thenceforth shifted all the trouble on his persecutors, and left him nothing but the joy. From that moment he returned in peace to his books and to the study of various similar projects of usefulness, tracing, among other plans, the line of the canal of Languedoc, a precious document in after-years to Paul Riquet, who had the glory of executing this great work.

He was thus happily occupied when he received a royal command to proceed instantly to Nantes, and report on some public works then under the execution of Italian engineers. Information had been given that the work was defective in foundation and construction, and its fate was to depend on Adam's decision. He quitted his beloved retirement with regret; but there was no disobeying the King's mandate. At a glance, he perceived that the foreign engineers were in fault, and frankly told them so, adding with pain the King's order, that the fortress should be demolished. The Italians tried all their arts of persuasion to induce him to alter his decision, endeavoring to work on his well-known humanity by representing the injury this report would inflict on their character and future career. But he could not traffic with his conscience, though he endeavored to mitigate the result of his sentence by promising by his interest to procure them employment on another work.

This, however, was not what the Italians required; rendered exigent by the patronage of Catherine de Medicis, and determined not to be foiled, they judged of Adam's character by their own, and having heard of his pecuniary difficulties, dared to offer him a considerable sum of money as an inducement to alter his report. He was seized with violent indignation at this unworthy proposal, but, mastering his feelings, he calmly replied: "Had you known anything of my life, you would have spared me this insult, for then you would have been aware that gold has no value in my eyes, unless it is honorably acquired and spent in the cause of humanity. I must obey my orders, and unless monsieur the Governor, who is daily expected from Paris, brings contrary directions, the citadel must be demolished."

The Governor of Brittany had been invited to court, along with the other provisional governors, to assist at the fetes given in honor of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the King of Spain. Their fatal termination is well known: at a tournament, Henry II. received a wound from the lance of the Compte de Montgomery, of which he expired in a few hours.—Catherine de Medicis being declared regent, ordered the governors to return immediately to their provinces, to be on the spot in case of any seditious movement; and on the very evening of the day on which Craponne had held the above conversation with the Italian engineers, he received the news of the death of his royal patron, and of the Governor's return.

No contrary directions had been received, and, according to the late King's command, an order was issued to commence the necessary demolition on the following day. The engineers having no further hope, conceived the horrible idea of revenging themselves on him whom they could not corrupt. The crime of poisoning, hitherto almost unknown in France, was now become frequent, the Italians by whom Catherine de Medicis was surrounded having introduced this perfidious weapon of destruction.

Thus the engineers, having once entertained the idea of vengeance, considered this their surest means; and visiting Craponne on pretence of ascertaining the Governor's decision, they contrived an interview with his servant, and gained her over to their designs. The wretched woman, fascinated by the glittering bribe they had spread before her eyes, consented to mix the poison in her master's drink, and, after a few hours of intense suffering, the beloved benefactor of Provence breathed his last in the fiftieth year of his age; his last words were of forgiveness of his murderers.

As may be supposed, he died unmarried; the name has since existed only in the grateful memory of his country. King Henry III. took the Canal de Craponne under his especial patronage, and decreed that none of the lands fertilised by its waters should be taxed more heavily than heretofore. Thus, for more than three centuries, a new life has been given to that locality. Thanks to "the poor man's friend," though by the sacrifice of all he possessed, magnificent harvests now wave on that soil formerly covered with weeds and briers; and the name of Craponne is preserved amidst the blessings of those he snatched from the horrors of want. In 1818, an inscription was engraved on the rock of Pie-Berand, where the waters of the Durance first flow into the canal; it recalls, in touching words, the former destitution of those countries, and the praise of him who fertilized them. In 1820, a subscription was opened, and a medal struck in his honor; it bears, on one side, a likeness of Adam de Craponne, and on the reverse this inscription:

Dix-huit communes des Bouches du Rhone
Lui doivent la fertilite de leur territoire.

Finally, now that each locality vies in rendering honor to its illustrious departed, it was only to be expected that the generous and devoted Craponne should not be forgotten in the tribute which posterity delights in paying. The communes watered by the canal voting the requisite funds, a fountain surmounted by a bust of Adam de Craponne, and remarkable for the elegance of its construction, and for the abundant flow of its waters, derived from the canal itself, now decorates his native town, and thus suitably perpetuates the memory of the benefactor of Provence.

Wit and Humor

ARTEMUS WARD, THE SHOWMAN,
Delivers a Fourth of July Oration.

The Cleveland Plaindealer has the following:

[Sezs:—I send hearwith a synopsis of the skedyule of my orashun on the 4th of July at Wethersfield. Please correct the spellin & punktooate it in proper stile. I spoke two hours & was 96 minutes passin a given pint.—There was between 200 persons present, who, with open mouths and closed eyes, listened to me with strick attenshun. A. W.]

Feller Citterzuns—I hav bin onered with a invite to orate bi-fore you on this grate and gelorious day. The feelins which I feel on this occasion is more easier imagined than described. Wethersfield is justly distinguished for her onyuns and patertism the World over, and to be requested to paws and address you on this, my fust perfeshernal tower to New England, rayther takes me down and fills my sole with various kinds of emoshuns. I cum befour you with no hily manured intelleck. You wont git no floary langwidge out of me. Ime a plane man—a exhibiter of startlin curiositys, livin wild Beests & sich like, & what I shall say will be rite strate out and to the pint.

Ime no pollytishun, I have no enemys to reward or frends to spunge. Ime a Union man. I luv this Union from the Bottum of my Hart. I luv every hoop pole in Maine, and every sheep ranch in Texas. The cow pastures of New Hampshire is as dear to A. Ward as the rice plantashuns of Mississippy. There is mean critture in both of them air States and there is likewise good men and troo. It don't look very pretty fur a lot of inflammertary individuals who never liftid their hands in defence of Ameriky or did the fust thing towards skewerin our independence to git their backs up, and sware they'll dissolve the Union.

Two much good Blud was split in courten and marryin that hily respectable female, the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her at this late day. The old gal has behaved herself two well to cast her off now at the request of a parsel of addle-brained men and he wimin, who never did nobody no good and never will agin. Ime sorry the picters of the Goddess never give her no shoes or stockins, but the band of stars around her hed must continner to shine briter and briter so long as this Erth revolves round on her own axle tree. Ime for the Union now and forever, and may the hand of the fust onery cuss whither who attempts to bust her up. [The wether was all-fired hot, & a man at this pint of the orashun fell down with a sun stroke. I told the audience that considerin the large number of powerful hansum gals present, I was more afraid of a DAWTER STROKE. This goke was impromptoo and amuzed the audience very hily.]

Feller Citterzuns—I haint time to notis the growth of Ameriky frum the time when the Mayflayers cum over in the Pillgrim and brawt Plymmuth Rock with them, but every skool boy nose our kareer has bin tremenjis. You will excuse me if I don't prase the erly settlers of the Kolonies. Peple which hung idiotic old wimin for witches, burnt holes in Quakers' tongues and constined their feller-critters to the tredmill and pillery on the slitest provocashun may have been very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile, and I will drop them all. I spose they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nuzepapurs, "peas to their ashes." There was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled and died in the American Revolutshun.

We needn't be afraid of setting 'em up too steep. Like my Show, they will stand a heep of prase. G. Washington was abowt the best man this world ever sot eyes on, and I hope them noble ladies (may their shadders never grow less!) who are tryin to purchase his old homsted will hurry up their cakes, as if they don't, it is hily proberble the present owner will dig up his grate namesake's bones, put them in a glass cage, and go into partnership with sum enterprisin showman. I think the shivalrus man is adequate for enything in the money-makin line.

To reasom—G. Washington was a clear-heded, warm-hearted, brave and stiddy-goin man. He never SLOPT OVER! The prevailin weakness of most publick men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters.—A. W.] They git filled up & slop. They Rush Things. They travel two much on high prezher principle.—They git onto the fast poplar hoby hoss which trots along, not carin a cent whether the beest is even goin, clear sighted and sound or spavined, blind and bawky. Of course they git throwed eventoolly, if not sooner. When they see the mulititood goin it blind, they go Pel Mel with it instid of exertin theirselves to set it right.

They cant see that the crowd which is now bearing them triumphantly on its shoulders will soon diskiver its error and cast them into the hoss pond of Oblivyun without the slitest hesitashun. Washington never Slopt Over.—That wasn't George's stile. He luved his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles.—He was a human angil in a 3 kornered hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My frends, we can't all be Washingtons, but we kin all be patriots & behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner.—When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin, let us not give him a push, but let us seeze rite hold of his coat-tail and drag him back to Morality.

Be shure and vote at least once at all elecshuns. Buckle on yer Armer and go to the Poles. See too it that yer naber is there. See that the kripples are provided with carriages. Go to the poles and stay all day. Bewair of the infamus lise which the Opposishun will be sartin to git up for perliterzal effeck on the eve of eleckshun! To the poles! to the poles! & when you git there vote jest as you darn please. This is a privilege we all perses, and it is 1 of the booties of this grate and free land.

I see mutch to admire in New Englan. Your gals in particklar are abowt as snug bilt peaces of Calliker as I ever saw. They are fully equal to the corn fed gals of Ohio and Injianny, and will make the bestest kind of wives. It sets my Buzzum on fire to look at 'em.

Be still my sole, be still.
& you Hart, stop cuttin up!

Which affeckin lines is either from the pen of Guvner Morrill of Maine or Doctur Watts, I disremember which.

I like your skool houses, your meetin houses, your enterprise, gumpshun, &c., but your favorit Bevridge I dispize. I allude to New Englan Rum. It is was nor the korn whisky of Injianny, which eats threw stun jugs, and will turn the stummock of the most shiftliss Hog. I seldom seek consolashun in the flowin Bole, but tother day I wurrid down some of your Rum. The fust glass indused me to sware like an infooriated trooper. On takin the seckund glass I was seezed with a desire to brake winders, and arter imbibin the third glass, I knockt a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York Ledger, and wildly kummenced readin Sylvanus Kobb's last Tail. I verily do bleeve that if I'd histed in another glass, I shood hav bin desperit enuff to attack the Mount Vernon Papers.

Its dreffal stuff—a sort of lickwid litenin gut up under the personal supervishun of the devil—tares men's innards all to peaces, and makes their noses blossom as the Lobster. Shun it as you wood a wild hyeny with a fire brand tide to his tale, & while you are abowt it you will do a fust rate thing fur yourself and everybody abowt you by shunnin all kinds of intoxicatin lickers. You don't need 'em no more'n a cat needs 2 tales, sayin nothin abowt the trubble and sufferin they cawse. But unless your innards air cast iron avoid New Englan's favrite bevridge.

My frends, Ime dun. I tare myself away from you with tears in my eyes & a pleasant odor of Onyons abowt my close. In the langwidge of Mr. Catterline to the Romans, I go, but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, pepal of Wethersfield. Be virtoos & you'll be happy.

HOW TO PASS A COUNTERFEIT NOTE.—"I say, Tom, here's a pretty good counterfeit three. If you will pass it I'll divide."

"Let's see the plaster," said Tom, and after examining it carefully, put it in his vest pocket, remarking:

"It's an equal division, a dollar and-a-half apiece."

"Yes," said Ben.

"All right," said Tom, and off he went.

A few moments afterwards he quietly stepped into the store of his friend Ben, purchased a can of oysters for one dollar and-a-half, laying down the three dollar note for them.

The clerk looked at the note rather doubtingly, when his suspicions were immediately calmed by Tom, who told him "there was no use looking, for he had received that note from Ben himself not ten minutes since."

Of course the clerk with this assurance, immediately forked over the dollar and-a-half in change, and with this deposit and the can of oysters Tom left.

Shortly afterwards he met Ben, who asked him "if he had passed the note?"

"Oh, yes," said Tom, "here's your share," at the same time passing over the dollar and-a-half to Ben.

That evening, when Ben made up his cash account, he was surprised to find the same old counterfeit three dollar note in the drawer. Turning to his "locum tenens," he asked:

"Where did you get this cursed note? Didn't you know it was a counterfeit?"

"Why," said the clerk, "Tom gave it to me, and I suspected it was fishy, but he said he had just received it from you, and I took it."

The whole thing had penetrated the wool of Ben. With a peculiar grin, he muttered, "sold," and charged the can of oysters to profit and loss account.

FILIAL LOVE.—A plain, old gentleman went with his team to bring home his sons, two young sprigs, who were soon expecting to graduate. While returning, they stopped at a hotel in a country town for dinner. The landlord, struck with the dashing appearance of the two gentlemen, made himself very officious, while he took the old gentleman, from his homespun appearance, to be nothing but a driver, and asked them if they wished the driver to sit at the same table with them?

"Well, Dick," said the younger, aside to his brother, "as he is our father, and it is his team, and he will bear the expense, I think we had better let him eat with us."

"Yes, I think so, too, under the circumstances," he replied. "Landlord, give him a place at the table."

☞ Many persons, when they find themselves in danger of shipwreck in the voyage of life, throw their darling vices overboard, as other mariners their treasures, only to fish them up again when the storm is over.

☞ The Springfield Republican says that there was once a man in that town who was so polite as to say, as he passed a hen in her nest—"Don't rise, ma'am."

AGATHA AT THE GATE.

Reaching up at the roses
That flame in the Summer air,
Scarce deigning a glance at me
Loitering, lingering there,
Loving her—how could I help it?
She's worthy a kingly mate—
Fairer than any blossom there,
Was Agatha at the gate.

She plucked a bud and I envied it;
Did it not touch her hand?
I would rather have one smile from her,
Than a Baron's rank and land;
But when I begged and prayed for a flower,
Stain was I with a look:
"Give you my roses! No, not I,
To waste in your herbal book."

With a laugh like the tinkle of silver bells,
She fled down the garden path,
And by-and-by the sun went down
Glowing in Summer wrath;
But there I stood where she left me,
Until the night grew late,
Thinking and dreaming only
Of Agatha at the gate.

Tripping back in the moonlight,
Humming a merry song,
Wondering where she had left her gloves,
Agatha danced along.
But, ah! she could not find them,
(I suppose it must be confest,)
The trim little gloves were hidden
Safe and close to my breast.

Startled she was when I stepped out
From under the shade of the trees;
And she pouted her cherry lips at me—
Beautiful, naughty tease.
But I caught her little white hands in mine;
"Agatha, you are my fate;
I love you, the sweetest maiden that ever
Stood at a garden gate."

The little white hands struggled hard to escape,
But I held them fast in mine;
"Not till you answer my question,
Either by word or sign.
Once more—I love you, love you!
Love, I seek your heart;
By word or sign now tell me,
Shall I stay—or depart?"

The little white hands were passive and still;
I held them at my grace;
A tear-drop glittered on her cheek
As she raised that sweetest face;
She blushed her love, and nestled close
As a dove beside her mate;
And I lifted her rosy mouth and kissed
My Agatha at the gate.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XV.

KNITTING.

There had been earlier drinking than usual in the wine shop of Monsieur Defarge. As early as six o'clock in the morning, sallow faces peeping through its barred windows had descried other faces within, bending over measures of wine. Monsieur Defarge sold a very thin wine at the best of times, but, it would seem to have been an unusually thin wine that he sold at this time. A sour wine, moreover, or a souring, for its influence on the mood of those who drank it was to make them gloomy. No vivacious Bacchanalian flame leaped out of the pressed grape of Monsieur Defarge; but, a smouldering fire that burnt in the dark, lay hidden in the dregs of it.

This had been the third morning in succession, on which there had been early drinking at the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge. It had begun on Monday, and here was Wednesday come. There had been more of early brooding than drinking; for, many men had listened and whispered and slunk about there from the time of the opening of the door, who could not have laid a piece of money on the counter to save their souls. These were to the full as interested in the place, however, as if they could have commanded whole barrels of wine; and they glided from seat to seat, and from corner to corner, swallowing talk in lieu of drink, with greedy looks.

Notwithstanding an unusual flow of company, the master of the wine-shop was not visible. He was not missed; for, nobody who crossed the threshold looked for him, nobody asked for him, nobody wondered to see only Madame Defarge in her seat, presiding over the distribution of wine, with a bowl of battered small coins before her, as much defaced and beaten out of their original impress as the small coinage of humanity from whose ragged pockets they had come.

A suspended interest and a prevalent absence of mind, were perhaps observed by the spies who looked in at the wine-shop, as they looked in at every place, high and low, from the king's palace to the criminal's gaol. Games at cards languished, players at dominoes musingly built towers with them, drinkers drew figures on the tables with spilt drops of wine, Madame Defarge herself picked out the pattern on her sleeve with her toothpick, and saw and heard something inaudible and invisible a long way off.

Thus, Saint Antoine, in this vinous feature of his, until mid-day. It was high noontide, when two dusty men passed through his streets and under his swinging lamps; of whom, one was Monsieur Defarge; the other, a mender of roads in a blue cap. All adust and athirst, the two entered the wine-shop. Their arrival had lighted a kind of fire in the breast of Saint Antoine, fast spreading as they came along, which stirred and flickered in flames of faces at most doors and windows. Yet, no one had followed them, and no man spoke when they entered the wine shop, though the eyes of every man there were turned upon them.

"Good day, gentlemen!" said Monsieur Defarge.

It may have been a signal for loosening the general tongue. It elicited an answering chorus of "Good day!"

"It is bad weather, gentlemen," said Defarge, shaking his head.

Upon which, every man looked at his neighbor, and then all cast down their eyes and sat silent. Except one man, who got up and went out.

"My wife," said Defarge, aloud, addressing Madame Defarge; "I have travelled certain leagues with this good mender of roads, called Jacques. I met him—by accident—a day and a half's journey out of Paris. He is a good child, this mender of roads, called Jacques. Give him to drink, my wife!"

A second man got up and went out. Madame Defarge set wine before the mender of roads called Jacques, who doffed his blue cap to the company, and drank. In the breast of his blouse, he carried some coarse dark bread; he ate of this between whiles, and sat munching and drinking near Madame Defarge's counter. A third man got up and went out.

Defarge refreshed himself with a draught of wine—but, he took less than was given to the stranger, as being himself a man to whom it was no rarity—and stood waiting until the countryman had made his breakfast. He looked at no one present, and no one now looked at him; not even Madame Defarge, who had taken up her knitting, and was at work.

"Have you finished your repast, friend?" he asked, in due season.

"Yes, thank you."

"Come, then! You shall see the apartment that I told you you could occupy. It will suit you to a marvel."

Out of the wine shop into the street, out of the street into a court-yard, out of the court-yard up a steep staircase, out of the staircase into a garret—formerly the garret where a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

No white-haired man was there now; but, the three men were there who had gone out of the wine-shop singly. And between them and the white-haired man afar off, was the one small link, that they had once looked in at him through the chinks in the wall.

Defarge closed the door carefully, and spoke in a subdued voice:

"Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three! This is the witness encountered by appointment, by me, Jacques Four. He will tell you all. Speak Jacques Five!"

The mender of roads, blue cap in hand, wiped his swarthy forehead with it, and said,

"Where shall I commence, monsieur?"

"Commence," was Monsieur Defarge's not unreasonable reply, "at the commencement."

"I saw him, then, messieurs," began the mender of roads, "a year ago this running summer, underneath the carriage of the Marquis, hanging by the chain. Behold the manner of it. I leaving my work on the road, the sun going to bed, the carriage of the Marquis slowly ascending the hill, he hanging by the chain—like this."

Again, the mender of roads went through the old performance; in which he ought to have been perfect by that time, seeing that it had been the infallible resource and indispensable entertainment of his village during a whole year.

Jacques One struck in, and asked if he had ever seen the man before?

"Never," answered the mender of roads, recovering his perpendicular.

Jacques Three demanded how he afterwards recognized him then?

"By his tall figure," said the mender of roads, softly, and with his finger at his nose. "When Monsieur, the Marquis, demands that evening, 'Say, what is he like?' I make response, 'Tall as a spectre.'"

"You should have said, short as a dwarf," returned Jacques Two.

"But what did I know? The deed was not then accomplished, neither did he confide in me. Observe! Under those circumstances even, I do not offer my testimony. Monsieur, the Marquis, indicates me with his finger, standing near our little fountain, and says, 'To me! Bring that rascal!' My faith, messieurs, I offer nothing."

"He is right there, Jacques," murmured Defarge, to him who had interrupted. "Go on!"

"Good!" said the mender of roads, with an air of mystery. "The tall man is lost, and he is sought—how many months? Nine, ten, eleven?"

"No matter, the number," said Defarge. "He is well hidden, but at last he is unluckily found. Go on!"

"I am again at work upon the hill-side, and the sun is again about to go to bed. I am collecting my tools to descend to my cottage down in the village below, where it is already dark, when I raise my eyes, and see coming over the hill, six soldiers. In the midst of them is a tall man with his arms bound—tied to his sides, like this!"

With the aid of his indispensable cap, he represented a man with his elbows bound fast to his hips, with cords that were knotted behind him.

"I stand aside, messieurs, by my heap of stones, to see the soldiers and their prisoner pass (for it is a solitary road, that, where any spectacle is well worth looking at), and at first, as they approach, I see no more than that they are six soldiers with a tall man bound, and that they are almost black, to my sight—except on the side of the sun going to bed, where they have a red edge, messieurs. Also, I see that their long shadows are on the hollow ridge on the opposite side of the road, and are on the hill above it, and are like the shadows of giants. Also, I see that they are covered with dust, and that the dust moves with them as they come, tramp, tramp! But when they advance quite near to me, I recognize the tall man, and he recognizes me. Ah, but he would be well content to precipitate himself over the hill-side once again, as on the evening when he and I first encountered, close to the same spot!"

He described it as if he were there, and it was evident that he saw it vividly; perhaps he had not seen much in his life.

"I do not show the soldiers that I recognize the tall man; he does not show the soldiers that he recognizes me; we do it, and we know it, with our eyes. 'Come on!' says the chief of that company, pointing to the village, 'bring him fast to his tomb!' and they bring him faster. I follow. His arms are swelled because of being bound so tight, his wooden shoes are large and clumsy, and he is lame. Because he is lame, and consequently slow, they drive him with their guns—like this!"

He imitated the action of a man's being impelled forward by the butt-ends of muskets.

"As they descend the hill like madmen running a race, he falls. They laugh and pick him up again. His face is bleeding and covered with dust, but he cannot touch it; thereupon, they laugh again. They bring him into the village; all the village runs to look; they take him past the mill, and up to the prison; all the village sees the prison gate open in the darkness of the night, and swallow him—like this!"

He opened his mouth as wide as he could, and shut it with a sounding snap of his teeth. Observant of his unwillingness to mar the effect by opening it again, Defarge said, "Go on, Jacques."

"All the village," pursued the mender of roads, on tiptoe, and in a low voice, "withdraws; all the village whispers by the fountain; all the village sleeps; all the village dreams of that unhappy one, within the locks and bars of the prison on the crag, and never to come out of it, except to perish. In the morning, with my tools upon my shoulder, eating my morsel of black bread as I go, I make a circuit by the prison, on my way to my work. There, I see him, high up, behind the bars of a lofty iron cage, bloody and dusty as last night, looking through. He has no hand free, to wave to me; I dare not call to him; he regards me like a dead man."

Defarge and the three glanced darkly at one another. The looks of all of them were dark, repressed, and revengeful, as they listened to the countryman's story; the manner of all of them, while it was secret, was authoritative, too. They had the air of a rough tribunal; Jacques One and Two sitting on the old pallet-bed, each with his chin resting on his hand, and his eyes intent on the road mender; Jacques Three, equally intent, on one knee behind them, with his agitated hand always gliding over the net work of fine nerves about his mouth and nose; Defarge standing between them and the narrator whom he had stationed in the light of the window, by turns looking from him to them, and from them to him.

"Go on, Jacques," said Defarge.

"He remains up there in his iron cage, some days. The village looks at him by stealth, for it is afraid. But it always looks up, from a distance, at the prison on the crag; and in the evening, when the work of the day is achieved, and it assembles to gossip at the fountain, all faces are turned towards the prison. Formerly they were turned towards the posting-house; now they are turned towards the prison. They whisper at the fountain, that although condemned to death, he will not be executed; they say that petitions have been presented in Paris, showing that he was enraged and made mad by the death of his child; they say that a petition has been presented to the King himself.—What do I know? It is possible. Perhaps yes, perhaps no."

"Listen, then, Jacques," Number One of that name sternly interposed. "Know that a petition was presented to the King and Queen. All here, yourself excepted, saw the King take it, in his carriage in the street, sitting beside the Queen. It is Defarge whom you see here, who, at the hazard of his life, darted out before the horses, with the petition in his hand."

"And once again listen, Jacques!" said the kneeling Number Three; his fingers ever wandering over and over those fine nerves, with a strikingly greedy air, as if he hungered for something—that was neither food nor drink; "the guard, horse and foot, surrounded the petitioner, and struck him blows. You hear!"

"I hear, messieurs."

"Go on, then," said Defarge.

"Again; on the other hand, they whisper at the fountain," resumed the countryman, "that he is brought down into our country to be executed on the spot, and that he will very certainly be executed. They even whisper that because he has slain Monseigneur, and because Monseigneur was the father of his tenants—serfs—what you will—he will be executed as a parricide. One old man says at the fountain, that his right hand, armed with the knife, will be burnt off before his face; that, into wounds which will be made in his arms, his breast, and his legs, there will be poured boiling oil, melted lead, hot resin, wax, and sulphur; finally, that he will be torn limb from limb by four strong horses. That old man says all this was actually done to a prisoner who made an attempt on the life of the last King, Louis Fifteen. But how do I know if he lies? I am not a scholar."

"Listen once again, then, Jacques!" said the man with the restless hand and the craving air. "The name of that prisoner was Damiens, and it was all done in open day, in the open streets of this city of Paris; and nothing was more noticed in the vast concourse that saw it done, than the crowd of ladies of quality and fashion, who were full of eager attention to the last—to the last, Jacques, prolonged until nightfall, when he had lost two legs and an arm, and still breathed! And it was done—why, how old are you?"

"Thirty-five," said the mender of roads, who looked sixty.

"It was done when you were more than ten years old; you might have seen it."

"Enough!" said Defarge, with grim impatience. "Long live the Devil! Go on."

"Well! Some whisper this, some whisper that; they speak of nothing else; even the fountain appears to fall to that tune. At length, on Sunday night when all the village is asleep, come soldiers, winding down from the prison, and their guns ring on the stones of the little street. Workmen dig, workmen hammer, soldiers laugh and sing; in the morning, by the fountain, there is raised a gallows forty feet high, poisoning the water."

The mender of roads looked *through* rather than *at* the low ceiling, and pointed as if he saw the gallows somewhere in the sky.

"All work is stopped, all assemble there, nobody leads the cows out, the cows are there with the rest. At mid-day, the roll of drums. Soldiers have marched into the prison in the night, and he is in the midst of many soldiers. He is bound as before, and in his mouth there is a gag—tied so, with a tight string, making him look almost as if he laughed."

He suggested it, by creasing his face with his two thumbs, from the corners of his mouth to his ears.

"On the top of the gallows is fixed the knife, blade upwards, with its point in the air. He is hanged there forty feet high—and is left hanging, poisoning the water."

They looked at one another, as he used his blue cap to wipe his face, on which the perspiration had started afresh while he recalled the spectacle.

"It is frightful, messieurs. How can the women and the children draw water! Who can gossip of an evening, under that shadow! Under it, have I said? When I left the village, Monday evening as the sun was going to bed, and looked back from the hill, the shadow struck across the church, across the mill, across the prison—seemed to strike across the earth, messieurs, to where the sky rests upon it!"

The hungry man gnawed one of his fingers as he looked at the other three, and his finger quivered with the craving that was on him.

"That's all, messieurs. I left at sunset (as I had been warned to do,) and I walked on, that night and half next day, until I met (as I was warned I should) this comrade. With him, I came on, now riding, and now walking, through the rest of yesterday and through last night. And here you see me!"

After a gloomy silence, the first Jacques said—

"Good! You have acted and recounted, faithfully. Will you wait for us a little, outside the door?"

"Very willingly," said the mender of roads. Whom Defarge escorted to the top of the stairs, and, leaving seated there, returned.

The three had risen, and their heads were together when he came back to the garret.

"How say you, Jacques?" demanded Number One. "To be registered?"

"To be registered, as doomed to destruction," returned Defarge.

"Magnificent!" croaked the man with the craving.

"The chateau, and all the race?" inquired the first.

"The chateau and all the race," returned Defarge. "Extermination."

The hungry man repeated, in a rapturous croak, "Magnificent!" and began gnawing another finger.

"Are you sure," asked Jacques Two, of Defarge, "that no embarrassment can arise from our manner of keeping the register. Without doubt it is safe, for no one beyond ourselves can decipher it; but shall we always be able to decipher it—or, I ought to say, will she?"

"Jacques," returned Defarge, drawing himself up, "if madame, my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone, she would not lose a word of it—not a syllable of it. Knitted, in her own stitches, and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge. It would be easier for the weakest poltroon that lives, to erase himself from existence, than to erase one letter of his name or crimes from the knitted register of Madame Defarge."

There was a murmur of confidence and approval, and then the man who hungered, asked, "Is this rustic to be sent back soon? I hope so. He is very simple; is he not a little dangerous?"

"He knows nothing," said Defarge; "at least nothing more than would easily elevate himself to a gallows of the same height. I charge myself with him; let him remain with me; I will take care of him, and set him on his road. He wishes to see the fine world—the King, the Queen, and Court; let him see them on Sunday."

"What!" exclaimed the hungry man, staring. "Is it a good sign that he wishes to see Royalty and Nobility?"

"Jacques," said Defarge, "judiciously show a cat milk, if you wish her to thirst for it. Judiciously show a dog his natural prey, if you wish him to bring it down one day."

Nothing more was said, and the mender of roads, being found already dozing on the topmost stair, was advised to lay himself down on the pallet-bed and take some rest. He needed no persuasion, and was soon asleep.

Worse quarters than Defarge's wine-shop could easily have been found in Paris for a provincial slave of that degree. Saving for a mysterious dread of madame, by which he was constantly haunted, his life was very new and agreeable. But, madame sat all day at her counter, so expressly unconscious of him, and so particularly determined not to perceive that his being there had any connexion with anything below the surface, that he shook in his wooden shoes whenever his eye lighted on her. For, he contended with himself that it was impossible to foresee what that lady might pretend next; and he felt assured that if she should take it into her brightly ornamented head to pretend that she had seen him do a murder and afterwards flay the victim, she would infallibly go through with it, until the play was played out.

Therefore, when Sunday came, the mender of roads was not enchanted (though he said he was) to find that madame was to accompany monsieur and himself to Versailles. It was additionally disconcerting to have madame knitting all the way there, in a public conveyance; it was additionally disconcerting yet, to have madame in the crowd in the afternoon, still with her knitting in her hands as the crowd waited to see the carriage of the King and Queen.

"You work hard, madame," said a man near her.

"Yes," answered Madame Defarge; "I have a good deal to do."

"What do you make, madame?"

"Many things."

"For instance—"

"For instance," returned Madame Defarge, composedly, "shrouds."

The man moved a little further away, as soon as he could, and the mender of roads fanned himself with his blue cap, feeling it mightily close and oppressive. If he needed a King and Queen to restore him, he was fortunate in having his remedy at hand; for, soon the large-faced King and the fair-faced Queen came in their golden coach, attended by the shining Bull's Eye of their Court, a glittering multitude of laughing ladies and fine lords; and in jewels and silks and powder and splendor and elegantly spurning figures and handsomely disdainful faces of both sexes, the mender of roads bathed himself, so much to his temporary intoxication, that he cried, Long live the King! Long live the Queen! Long live everybody and everything! as if he had never heard of ubiquitous Jacques in his time. Then, there were gardens, courtyards, terraces, fountains, green banks, more King and Queen, more Bull's Eye, more lords and ladies, more Long live they all! until he absolutely wept with sentiment. During the whole of this scene, which lasted some three hours, he had plenty of shouting and weeping and sentimental company, and throughout Defarge held him by the collar, as if to restrain him from flying at the objects of his brief devotion and tearing them to pieces.

"Bravo!" said Defarge, clapping him on the back, when it was over, like a patron; "you are a good boy!"

The mender of roads was now coming to himself, and was mistrustful of having made a mistake in his late demonstrations; but no.

"You are the fellow we want," said Defarge, in his ear; "you make these fools believe that it will last forever. Then, they are the more insolent, and it is the nearer ended."

"Hey!" cried the mender of roads, reflectively; "that's true."

"These fools know nothing. While they despise your breath, and would stop it forever and ever, in you or in a hundred like you, rather than in one of their own horses or dogs, they only know what your breath tells them. Let it deceive them, then, a little longer; it cannot deceive them too much."

Madame Defarge looked superciliously at the client, and nodded in confirmation.

"As to you," said she, "you would shout and shed tears for anything, if it made a show and a noise. Say! Would you not?"

"Truly, madame, I think so. For the moment."

"If you were shown a great heap of dolls, and were set upon them to pluck them to pieces and despoil them for your own advantage, you would pick out the richest and gayest. Say! Would you not?"

"Truly, yes, madame."

"Yes. And if you were shown a flock of birds unable to fly, and were set upon them to strip them of their feathers for your own advantage, you would set upon the birds of the finest feathers; would you not?"

"It is true, madame."

"You have seen both dolls and birds today," said Madame Defarge, with a wave of her hand towards the place where they had last been apparent; "now, go home!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TE DEUM!

'Tis noonday. On Italian plains
I look to see the ripening corn
Shoot sunward all its spears, the vine
Adown the hill-sides wreathe and twine;
And peasants bred and born
Among the plains, among the hills,
The valleys, with their singing rills,
I turn expectant eyes to see,
Crying aloud, on bended knee,
"Thanks to the living God!"

What meets my eye? Fair corn-fields red,
But not with flush of summer sun,
Nor blaze of poppies.—Men lie dead
By hundreds—thousands—every one
Ghastly and gory, and the sod
Sends up a reek of human blood
Redder than grape-blood; moans and cries
Of men in hopeless agonies
Rise up through the polluted air,
Rise up to Heaven, but who cries there
"Thanks to the living God!"

I see a city wide and fair;
Through the broad streets a pageant goes,
And men shout loud, and women smile,
And up the chill and solemn aisle
Of a cathedral onward flows
A proud procession.—Priestly men,
Whose trade is prayer and peace, and then
A fair-haired woman, whose dark eyes
Seem full of saddened memories,
Assumes the imperial chair.
They kneel, and through the fluttering air
Melodious thunder swells and rolls,
And from that mass of human souls
Bursts forth—because those men afar
Were slaughtered in a bloody war—
"Thanks to the living God!"

DUE NORTH.—An old admiral in his early days went to sea as a midshipman, with poor Captain Hawser, of the Vesuvius. Hawser was a tremendous fellow for grog; worse even than Old Charley, and that is saying a good deal. Well, when they arrived in the West Indies this indulgence soon brought on a fever, and Hawser nearly lost his life; or (as they say at sea) "the number of his mess." The doctor totally inhibited the use of rum or brandy, but told him that when he found himself in a cold climate he might take them moderately; and the farther north he went, the more freely he might indulge. Shortly after they returned to England, the Vesuvius was ordered to the Baltic; and as soon as they sailed for their destination Hawser resumed the grog, so long discontinued. He daily asked to have it increased in strength, as they proceeded on their way, and when they reached the Baltic it was considerably more than *half and half*. The farther he sailed, the stronger it became, until, at last, there was scarcely any water in the composition. The invariable order was given to the steward, "farther north," which meant "mix it stiffer still." One day he sternly commanded him to make it "farther north." "I can't, sir," he replied; "*you have been due north for three days.* It is no longer grog; it is clear rum." "The force of nature could no farther go!"

☞ Curiosity is a kernel of the forbidden fruit, which still sticketh in the throat of a natural man, sometimes to the danger of his choking.—*Fuller.*

☞ He who strikes terror into others, is himself in continual fear.—*Claudian.*

PHYSIOGNOMY OF GOOD LIVERS.

Gourmands by pre destination are generally of the middle height: they have round or square faces (*carré*), sparkling eyes, small forehead, short nose, full lips and round chins. The women are dimpled, pretty rather than handsome, with an inclination to *embonpoint*. Those who are especially addicted to good eating have finer features, a more refined appearance; they are more *mignonnes*, and are distinguished by a peculiar manner of their own in swallowing. Under this exterior the most amiable dinner-companions are to be found: they partake of every dish handed to them, eat slowly, and taste with reflection. They are in no hurry to leave the spot where they have been well entertained, and you have them for the rest of the evening, because they are aware what games and amusements are to follow the ordinary accessories of a gastronomic meeting. Those on the contrary, to whom nature has denied an aptitude for the enjoyments of tastes, have long faces, long noses, and long eyes; no matter what their stature, there is something longitudinal about them. They have sleek black hair, and are thin and lanky; it is they who invented trowsers. Women, whom nature has similarly afflicted, are sanguine, yawn at dinner, and live upon whist and scandal. The inclination of the fair sex for good-living is a natural instinct, because it is favorable to their good looks. A series of observations has convinced me that ladies who live well remain younger much longer than others. It gives more brilliancy to the eye, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and, as physiology has proved that the depression of the muscles causes wrinkles, those dreaded enemies of beauty; it is also true, taking all on an equal footing, that the ladies who know how to eat are, comparatively, ten years younger than those who are ignorant on the subject.—*Brillat-Savarin's Art of Dining.*

MOHAMMED.—Mohammed is said to have been of middle stature; to have had a large head, strong beard, round face, and reddish-brown cheeks. His biographers state that his forehead was high, his mouth wide, his nose long and somewhat of an aquiline shape; that he had large black eyes; that a vein which extended from his forehead to his eyebrows enlarged when excited by anger; that his splendidly white teeth stood far apart; and upon his lower lip was a small mole. His hair hanging over his shoulders retained its dark color to the day of his death; he sometimes dyed it brown, but more frequently applied to it odoriferous oils. It was only at his last pilgrimage that he had his head shaven. He trimmed his moustache and his finger-nails every Friday before prayer. His neck, it is said, "rose like a silver bar upon his broad chest." Between his shoulders he had a large mole, which was looked upon as the prophetic seal. A physician once wishing to remove it, Mohammed objected, saying, "He who made it shall also heal it." His hands and feet were very large, yet his step was so light as "to leave no mark on the sand." Mohammed spoke but little, yet occasionally permitted himself a joke. A woman once came to him, saying, "My husband is ill and begs thee to visit him;" upon which he inquired, "Has not thy husband something white in his eye?" She returned in order to examine it. On her husband asking what she was doing, she replied: "I must see whether you have anything white in your eye, for the Apostle of God asked the question." Her husband at once recognizing the joke, convinced her that this was common to all eyes. On one occasion, when an old woman conjured him to pray for her that she might enter paradise, he replied: "No *old* woman dares enter paradise!" As she began to weep, he reminded her of the verse in the Koran which declares that perpetual youth will be restored to women. The Arab prophet was compassionate towards animals, and would wipe down his horse when it perspired with his sleeve; but this was nothing extraordinary among his countrymen. His cat was lifted up to share his own dish; and a white cook which he had he called his friend, considering him a protection against devils, genii, witchcraft, and the evil eye!—*Dr. Arnold's Ishmael.*

SIDNEY SMITH AND THE "COOL OF THE EVENING."—Sidney Smith was complaining of a young gentleman who, although many years his junior, was in the habit of addressing him by his Christian name, a privilege which, as Sidney Smith remarked, he only allowed his most intimate friends. Shortly after, the gentleman in question entered the room, and familiarly addressing Smith as "Sidney," inquired how he thought of passing the day. "For my part," he added, "the Archbishop of Canterbury (the then Dr. Howley) has often invited me to pay him a visit at Addington Park, and I think I shall drive down and return in the cool of the evening." "Ah," returned Smith, "then let me give you a word of advice: I know something of the Archbishop, he is a very excellent man, but rather proud; don't call him 'William,' he might not like it." A roar of laughter followed this significant speech, and as the discomfited youth left the room, Sidney Smith turned round and quietly remarked, "I think I have settled 'the cool of the evening' at last."

SPELLING.—It will perhaps surprise my readers to be told that, in many particular words, the modern spelling is less correct than the ancient. Yet this is a truth that reflects dishonor on our modern refiners of the language. Chaucer, four hundred years ago, wrote *bilder* for *builder*; *dedly* for *deadly*; *ernest* for *earnest*; *erly* for *early*; *brest* for *breast*; *hed* for *head*; and certainly his spelling was the most agreeable to the pronunciation. Sidney wrote *bin*, *examin*, *sutable*, with perfect propriety. Dr. Middleton wrote *explane*, *genuin*, *revele*, which is the most easy and correct orthography of such words; and also *luster* for *lustre*, *theater* for *theatre*. In these and many other instances, the modern spelling is a corruption, so that, allowing many improvements to have been made in orthography within a century or two, we must acknowledge also, that many corruptions have been introduced.—*Noah Webster's Dissertation.*

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," "Never Too Late to Mend," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

It was near four o'clock in the afternoon. Gerard was in the shop. His eldest and youngest sons were abroad. Catherine and her little crippled daughter had long been anxious about Gerard, and now they were gone a little way down the road, to see if by good luck he might be visible in the distance; and Giles was alone in the sitting-room, which I will sketch, furniture and dwarf included.

The Hollanders were always an original and leading people. At different epochs they invented printing (wooden type,) oil-painting, liberty, banking, gardening, &c.; above all, years, before my tale, they invented cleanliness. So, while the English gentry, in velvet jerkins and chicken-toed shoes, strode floors of stale rushes, foul receptacle of bones, decomposing morsels, spittle, dogs' eggs, and all abominations, this hoster's sitting-room at Tergon was floored with Dutch tiles, so highly glazed and constantly washed, that you could eat off them. There was one large window; the cross stone-work in the centre of it was very massive, and stood in relief, looking like an actual cross to the inmates, and was eyed as such in their devotions. The panes were very small and lozenge-shaped, and soldered to one another with strips of lead; the like you may see to this day in some of our rural cottages. The chairs were rude and primitive, all but the arm-chair, whose back, at right angles with its seat, was so high that the sitter's head stopped two feet short of the top. This chair was of oak, and carved at the summit. There was a copper pail, that went in at the waist, holding holy water; and a little hand-besom to sprinkle it far and wide; and a long, narrow, but massive oak table, with a dwarf sticking to the rim by his teeth, his eyes glaring, and his claws in the air like a pouncing vampire. Nature, it would seem, did not make Giles a dwarf out of malice prepense; she constructed a head and torso with her usual care, but just then her attention was distracted, and she left the rest to chance; the result was a human wedge, an inverted cone. He might with justice have taken her to task in the terms of Horace:

Amphora cœpit Institui; currente rota cur urceus exit?

His centre was anything but his centre of gravity. Bisected, upper Giles would have outweighed three lower Giles's. But this very disproportion enabled him to do feats that would have baffled Milo. His brawny arms had no weight to draw after them; so he could go up a vertical pole like a squirrel, and hang for hours from a bough by one hand like a cherry by its stalk. If he could have made a vacuum with his hands, as the lizard is said to do with its feet, he would have gone along a ceiling. Now, this pocket athlete was insanely fond of griping the dinner-table with both hands, and so swinging an hour at a time; and then—climax of delight!—he would seize it with his teeth, and, taking off his hands, hold on like grim death by his huge ivories.

But all our joys, however elevating, suffer interruption. Little Kate caught Sampsonet in this posture, and stood aghast. She was her mother's daughter, and her heart beat with the furniture, not with the 12mo. gymnast.

"Oh, Giles! how can you? Mother would be vexed. It dents the table."

"Go and tell her, little tale-bearer," snarled Giles. "You are the one for making mischief."

"Am I?" inquired Kate, calmly; "that is news to me."

"The biggest in Tergon," growled Giles, fastening on again.

At this Kate sat quietly down and cried. Her mother came in almost at that moment, and Giles hurled himself under the table, and there glared.

"What is to do now?" said the dame, sharply. Then turning her experienced eyes on Giles, and observing the position he had taken up, and a sheepish expression, she hinted at cuffing of ears.

"Nay, mother," said the girl; "it was but a foolish word Giles spoke. I had not noticed it at another time; but I was tired and in care for Gerard, you know."

"Let no one be in care for me," said a faint voice at the door, and in tottered Gerard, pale, dusty, and worn out; and, amidst uplifted hands and cries of delight, curiosity and anxiety mingled, dropped almost fainting into the nearest chair.

Resting Rotterdam, like a covert, for Margaret, and the long journey afterwards, had fairly knocked Gerard up. But elastic youth soon revived, and behold him the centre of an eager circle. First of all they must hear about the prizes. Then Gerard told them he had been admitted to see the competitors' works all laid out in an enormous hall—before the judges pronounced:

"Oh, mother! oh, Kate! when I saw the goldsmiths' work, I had like to have fallen on the floor. I thought not all the goldsmiths on earth had so much gold, silver, jewels, and craft of design and facture. But, in sooth, all the arts are divine."

Then, to please the females, he described to them the reliquaries, feretories, calices, croslets, crosses, pyxes, monstrances, and other wonders ecclesiastical, and the goblets, hanaps, watches, clocks, chains, brooches, &c., so that their mouths watered.

"But, Kate, when I came to the illuminated work from Ghent and Bruges, my heart sank. Mine was dirt by the side of it. For the first minute I could almost have cried; but I prayed for a better spirit, and presently I was able to enjoy them, and thank God for those lovely works, and for those skillful, patient craftsmen, that I own my masters. Well, the colored work was so beautiful I forgot all about the black and white. But, next day, when all the other prizes had been given, they came to the writing, and whose name think you was called first?"

"Yours," said Kate.

The others laughed her to scorn.

"You may laugh," said Gerard, "but for all that Gerard Gerardszoon, of Tergou, was the name the herald shouted. I stood stupid; they thrust me forward. Everything swam before my eyes. I don't know how I found myself kneeling on a cushion at the feet of the Duke. He said something to me, but I was so fluttered I could not answer him. So then he put his hand to his side and did not draw a glaive and cut off my dull head, but gave me a gold medal, and there it is." There was a yell and almost a scramble. "And then he gave me fifteen great bright golden angels. I had seen one before, but I never handled one. Here they are."

"Oh, Gerard! oh, Gerard!"

"There is one for you, our eldest; and one for you, Sybrandt, and for you, Little Mischief; and two for you, Little Lily, because God has afflicted you; and one for myself to buy colors and vellum; and nine for her that nursed us all, and risked the two crowns upon poor Gerard's hand."

The gold drew out their several characters. Cornelis and Sybrandt clutched each his coin with one glare of greediness and another glare of envy at Kate, who had got two pieces. Giles seized his and rolled it along the floor and gambolled after it. But Kate put down her crutches and sat down, and held out her little arms to Gerard with a heavenly gesture of love and tenderness, and the mother, fairly benumbed at first by the shower of gold that fell on her apron, now cried out,

"Leave kissing him, Kate, he is my son, not yours. Ah, Gerard, my child! I have not loved you as you deserved."

Then Gerard threw himself on his knees beside her, and she flung her arms round him and wept for joy and pride, upon his neck.

"Good lad! good lad!" cried the hosier, with some emotion, "I must go and tell the neighbors. Lend me the medal, Gerard, I'll show it my good friend, Peter Buyskens; he is always regaling me with how his son Jorian won the tin mug a-shooting at the Butts."

"Ay, do, my man; and show Peter Buyskens one of the angels. Tell him there are fourteen more, where that came from. Mind you bring it me back?"

"Stay a minute, father, there is better news behind," said Gerard, flushing with joy at the joy he caused.

"Better! Better than this?"

Then Gerard told his interview with the Countess, and the house rang with joy.

"Now, God bless the good lady, and bless the Dame Van Eyck! a benefice, our son! My cares are at an end. Gerard, my good friend and master, now we two can die happy whenever our time comes. This dear boy will take our place, and none of these loved ones will want a home or a friend."

From that hour Gerard was looked upon as the stay of the family. He was a son apart, but in another sense. He was always in the right, and nothing too good for him. Cornelis and Sybrandt became more and more jealous of him, and longed for the day he should go to his benefice; they would get rid of the favorite, and his reverence's purse would be open to them. With these views he co-operated. The wound love had given him throbbed duller and duller. His success and the affection and admiration of his parents, made him think more highly of himself, and resent with more spirit Margaret's ingratitude and discourtesy. For all that, she had power to cool him towards the rest of her sex, and now for every reason he wished to be ordained priest as soon as he could pass the intermediate orders. He knew the Vulgate already better than most of the clergy, and he studied the rubric and the dogmas of the church with his friends the monks; and, the first time the bishop came that way, he applied to be admitted "exorcist," the third step in holy orders. The bishop questioned him, and ordained him at once. He had to kneel, and, after a short prayer, the bishop delivered to him a little MS. full of exorcisms, and said: "Take this, Gerard, and have power to lay hands on the possessed, whether baptised or catechumens!" and he took it reverently, and went home invested by the church with power to cast out demons.

Returning home from the church, he was met by little Kate on her crutches.

"Oh, Gerard! who, think you, has been at our house, seeking you?—the Burgomaster himself."

Gerard started and changed color.

"Ghysbrecht Van Swieten? What would he with me?"

"Nay, Gerard, I know not. But he was urgent to see you. You are to go to his house on the instant."

"Well, he is the Burgomaster: I must go: but it likes me not. Kate, I have seen him cast such a look on me as no friend casts. No matter; such looks forewarn the wise. Besides, he knows—"

"Knows what, Gerard?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Kate, I'll go."

And he went to Ghysbrecht Van Swieten's house.

CHAPTER VII.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten was an artful man. He opened on the novice with something quite wide of the mark he was really aiming at. "The town records," said he, "are crabbedly written, and the ink rusty with age." He offered Gerard the honor of transcribing them fair.

Gerard inquired what he was to be paid.

Ghysbrecht offered a sum that would have just purchased the pens, ink, and parchment.

"But, Burgomaster, my labor! Here is a year's work."

"Your labor? Call you marking parchment labor? Little sweat goes to that I trow."

"'Tis labor, and skilled labor to boot; and that is better paid in all crafts than rude labor, sweat or no sweat. Besides, there's my time."

"Your time? Why, what is time to you, at two-and twenty?"

Then, fixing his eyes keenly on Gerard, to mark the effect of his words, he said:

"Say, rather, you are idle grown. You are in love. Your body is with those chanting monks, but your heart is with Peter Brandt and his red-haired girl."

"I know no Peter Brandt."

This denial confirmed Ghysbrecht's suspicion that the caster-out of demons was playing a deep game.

"Ye lie!" he shouted. "Did I not find you at her elbow on the road to Rotterdam?"

"Ah!"

"Ah. And you were seen at Sevenbergen but t'other day."

"Was I?"

"Ay, and at Peter's house."

"At Sevenbergen?"

"Ay, at Sevenbergen."

Now, this was what in modern days is called a draw. It was a guess, put boldly forth as fact, to elicit by the young man's answer whether he had been there lately or not.

The result of the artifice surprised the crafty one. Gerard started up in a strange state of nervous excitement.

"Burgomaster," said he, with trembling voice, "I have not been at Sevenbergen this three years, and I know not the name of those you saw me with, nor where they dwelt; but, as my time is precious, though you value it not, give you good day."

And he darted out, with his eyes sparkling.

Ghysbrecht started up in huge ire; but he sank into his chair again.

"He fears me not. He knows something, if not all."

Then he called hastily to his trusty servant, and almost dragged him to a window.

"See you yon man?" he cried. "Haste! Follow him! But let him not see you. He is young, but old in craft. Keep him in sight all day. Let me know whither he goes, and what he does."

It was night when the servant returned.

"Well! well!" cried Van Swieten, eagerly.

"Master, the young man went from you to Sevenbergen."

Ghysbrecht groaned.

"To the house of Peter, the Magician."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Look into your own heart and write," said Herr Cant; and earth's cuckoos echoed the cry. Look into the Rhine where it is deepest, and the Thames where it is thickest, and paint the bottom. Lower a bucket into a well of self-deception, and what comes up must be immortal truth, mustn't it? Now, in the first place, no son of Adam ever reads his own heart at all, except by the habit acquired and the light gained from some years' perusal of other hearts; and even then, with his acquired sagacity and reflected light, he can but spell and decipher his own heart, not read it fluently.—Gerard was so young and green that he needed no philosopherling to lead him into shallow water. Half-way to Sevenbergen he looked into his own heart, and asked it why he was going to Sevenbergen. His heart replied without a moment's hesitation. We are going out of mere curiosity, to know why she jilted us, and to show her it has not broken our hearts, and that we are quite content with our honors and our benefice in prospectu, and don't want her or any of her fickle sex.

He soon found out Peter Brandt's cottage; and there sat a girl in the doorway, plying her needle, and a stalwart figure leaned on a long bow and talked to her. Gerard felt an unaccountable pang at the sight of him. However, the man turned out to be past fifty years of age, an old soldier, whom Gerard remembered to have seen shoot at the butts with admirable force and skill. Another minute and the youth stood before them. Margaret looked up and dropped her work, and uttered a faint cry, and was white and red by turns. But these signs of emotion were swiftly dismissed, and she turned far more chill and indifferent than she would if she had not betrayed this agitation.

"What! is it you, Master Gerard? What on earth brings you here, I wonder?"

"I was passing by and saw you; so I thought I would give you good day, and ask after your father."

"My father is well. He will be here anon."

"Then I may as well stay till he comes."

"As you will. Good Martin, step into the village and tell my father here is a friend of his."

"And not of yours?"

"My father's friends are mine."

"That is doubtful. It was not like a friend to promise to wait for me, and then make off the moment my back was turned. Cruel Margaret! you little know how I searched the town for you—how for want of you nothing was pleasant to me."

"These are idle words; if you had desired my father's company, or mine, you would have come back. There I had a bed laid for you, sir, at my cousin's, and he would have made much of you, and, who knows, I might have made much of you, too. I was in the humor that day. You will not catch me in the same mind again, neither you nor any young man, I warrant me."

"Margaret, I came back the moment the countess let me go. But you were not there."

"Nay, you did not, or you had seen Hans Cloterman at our table; we left him to bring you on."

"I saw no one there, but only a drunken man that had just tumbled down."

"At our table? How was he clad?"

"Nay, I took little heed; in sad colored garb."

At this Margaret's face gradually lighted with a mixture of archness and happiness; then assuming incredulity and severity, she put many shrewd questions, all of which Gerard answered most loyally. Finally, the clouds cleared, and they guessed how the misunderstanding had come about. Then came a revulsion of tenderness, all the more powerful that they had done each other wrong; and then, more dangerous still, came mutual confessions.—Neither had been happy since; neither ever would have been happy but for this fortunate meeting.

And Gerard found a MS. Vulgate lying open on the table, and pounced upon it like a hawk. MSS. were his delight; but before he could get to it, two white hands quickly came flat upon the page, and a red face confronted him.

"Nay, take away your hands, Margaret, that I may see where you are reading, and I will read there too at home: so shall my soul meet yours in the sacred page. You will not? Nay, then, I must kiss them away."

And he kissed them so often, that for very shame, they were fain to withdraw, and lo! the sacred book proved to be open at

An apple of gold in a net-work of silver.

"There, now," said she, "I had been hunting for it ever so long, and found it but even now—and to be caught!" and with a touch of inconsistency she pointed it out to Gerard with her white finger.

"Ay," said he, "but to-day it is all hidden in that great cap."

"It is a comely cap, I'm told by some."

"May be; but what it hides is beautiful."

"It is not—it is hideous."

"Well, it was beautiful at Rotterdam."

"Ay, everything was beautiful that day."

And now Peter came in, and welcomed Gerard cordially, and would have him to stay to supper. And Margaret disappeared; and Gerard had a nice learned chat with Peter; and Margaret re-appeared with her hair in her silver net, and shot a glance, half arch, half coy, and she glided about them, and spread supper, and beamed bright with gaiety and happiness. And in the cool evening Gerard coaxed her out, and coaxed her on to the road to Tergou, and there they strolled up and down, hand in hand; and when he must go, they pledged each other never to quarrel or misunderstand one another again; and they sealed the promise with a long, loving kiss, and Gerard went home on wings.

From that day Gerard spent most of his evenings with Margaret, and the attachment deepened and deepened on both sides till the hours they spent together were the hours they lived; the rest they counted and underwent. And at the outset of this deep attachment, all went smoothly; obstacles there were, but they seemed distant and small to the eyes of hope, youth and love. The feelings and passions of so many persons, that this attachment would thwart, gave no warning smoke to show their volcanic nature and power. The course of true love ran smoothly, placidly, until it had drawn these two young hearts into its current forever, and then—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Interview of the Emperors.—Some little private information relative to the interview of the two Emperors has this morning been acquired. Exactly at 9 on the morning of the 11th, the Emperor Francis Joseph reached Villa Franca, where he was received by the Emperor of the French with great apparent kindness, and even a show of deference. The two monarchs took breakfast and remained together until five in the afternoon, and it would appear that they settled the bases for the preliminaries of peace before they parted. In military circles it is stated that Louis Napoleon showed certain documents to the Emperor of Austria which removed any doubt he might have felt about the necessity for sacrificing Lombardy. "The one document," said my informant, "was a Prusso-Anglo-Russian peace project, which was based on the cession of Venetia as well as Lombardy, and the other was a dispatch, in which Prussia expressed her resolve not to draw her sword in defence of any part of the Austrian possessions in Italy."—*Vienna Correspondent of the London Times.*

The correspondent of the London Times says:—"Orders, dictated by a feeling of delicacy, had been given that only privileged persons should approach the place of the interview. Every care had been taken not to wound the pride of the Emperor of Austria, to whom it would, doubtless, have been disagreeable to have been exposed too much to public view. The meeting of the two sovereigns was fixed for nine o'clock. At a quarter of an hour before, Napoleon III. arrived at the spot, and he came before the time in order that he might go on for a short distance to meet the Emperor of Austria. Francis Joseph soon made his appearance, and seeing that his late adversary had courteously come to receive him, urged forward his horse. When the two parties had come near, the escorts stopped short, and the Emperors advanced into the centre of the unoccupied space. The escort of the Emperor Napoleon was composed of Marshal Vaillant, General Martimprey, General Fleury, the officers of the imperial household and of his staff, and of a squadron of the Cent Gardes and one of the Guides, all in their splendid full-dress uniforms. His Majesty rode the fine bay horse which he has used since the commencement of the campaign. He wore the undress uniform of a general of division, with the kepi. The Emperor of Austria also wore an undress cap, and blue uniform frock coat, and was followed by his staff, a squadron of his body-guard, composed of nobles, and a squadron of Hulans. It is said that he was much struck with the martial bearing of the French cavalry, and that in presence of the Cent Gardes and the Guides, the Austrian body-guard and the Hulans did not appear to advantage. On the two sovereigns meeting in the mid space, they courteously saluted and shook hands. The Emperor of Austria appeared pleased with the cordial welcome and open manner of the Emperor Napoleon. The two Emperors remained for a moment alone in the middle of the road and exchanged a few words. They then reciprocally presented the officers of their staffs; and the moment after the several officers were intermingled, and Marshal Vaillant was seen in conversation with Baron de Hess. Napoleon III. and the Emperor Francis Joseph then advanced side by side towards Villa Franca, the Cent Gardes giving the precedence to the body-guard of Austria, who led the way, but the Guides passing before the Hulans. At Villa Franca, the house of M. Carlo Morelli, situated in the principal street of the town, had been prepared to receive the two sovereigns. The Emperor of Austria had passed a night there before the battle of Solferino. It is a habitation, comfortable but simple, and not remarkable for any extraordinary attraction. I had visited it early in the morning, and saw, in addition to the bedroom of the Austrian Emperor, the sitting-room in which the conference was to take place some hours later. The furniture and curtains were green, and the walls painted in distemper. There were several seats of various kinds, but only two arm-chairs. In the centre was an oblong table covered with a green cloth, and on it was placed, just as I entered, a vase of freshly-gathered flowers, which quite perfumed the room. It was there that for upwards of an hour and a half the two Emperors were seated discussing the highest interests, and without any one being present. From a feeling of delicacy, the King of Piedmont was not invited to the interview. It cannot but be allowed that the presence of a successor is always more annoying and intolerable than that of a rival or conqueror. Whilst the interview was going on, I was outside in the street, whence I could see the escorts, some remaining seated on their horses, while others had dismounted. But not the slightest sound was heard; every kind of conversation was suspended; and all seemed dominated involuntarily by a certain emotion produced by the importance of the incident which was passing. As to what took place inside, I cannot say anything; all that I know is that when the two sovereigns issued forth from the conference, they seemed both perfectly satisfied. The word to mount was then given, and in an instant all were in the saddle. The Emperor of Austria uttered a few words expressive of the admiration he felt for the French army, and did Marshal Vaillant and Generals Martimprey and Fleury the honor of shaking hands with them. The two sovereigns then took leave of each othe with the greatest cordiality; and the next moment each splendid *cortege* was on the way back to the place from which it had started. The Emperor of the French entered Valleggio a little after 11. The interview had evidently been very satisfactory, for his Majesty appeared to be in excellent humor. He had scarcely dismounted when the King arrived on horseback, and a short time after him Prince Napoleon, in a kind of *fourgon*.

A Turin letter states that when the Emperor Napoleon announced to King Victor Emmanuel the terms of the treaty of Villa Franca, he said, "Has your Majesty any observation to make?" The King, understanding at once the situation, replied by the question, "Has your Majesty anything to add?" The two sovereigns bowed and parted.

The Poor Inhabitants.—In a letter from Valeggio, of the 1st, written by M. Texier, of the *Siecle*, we read:—"Solferino presented a picture of desolation. I saw an old man who, like all the inhabitants of the village, had fled on the previous evening, come back, leading a child by each hand, to seek his poor house among the ruins. He stopped before a devastated cottage, heaved a profound sigh, and then cried out, 'Why are we, the poor inhabitants of this country, always to pay for what others do?' And then, crossing the threshold of his house, he sat on the floor, and burst into tears."

Speech of the Emperor Relative to the Treaty of Villa Franca.—Paris, July 20, 1859.—The Moniteur contains the following:

Yesterday evening the Emperor received the great bodies of the State, the Presidents of which, M. Tropling, Count de Morny, and M. Baroche, addressed congratulatory speeches to his Majesty. The Emperor thanked them for their devotion, and then explained the reasons for his conduct during the great events. He said:—

Arrived beneath the walls of Verona, the struggle was inevitably about to change its nature, as well in a military as a political aspect. Obliged to attack the enemy in front, who was entrenched behind great fortresses, and protected on his flank by the neutrality of the surrounding territory, and about to begin a long and barren war, I found myself in the face of Europe, in arms, ready to dispute our successes or aggravate our reverses. Nevertheless, the difficulty of the enterprise would not have shaken my resolution, if the means had not been out of proportion to the results to be expected.

It was necessary to crush boldly the obstacles opposed, and then to accept a conflict on the Rhine as well as on the Adige. It was necessary to fortify ourselves openly, with the concurrence of revolution. It was necessary to go on shedding precious blood, and at last risk that which a sovereign should only stake for the independence of his country. If I have stopped, it was neither through weariness or exhaustion, nor through abandoning the noble cause which I desired to serve, but the interests of France. I felt great reluctance to put reins upon the ardor of our soldiers, to retrench from my programme the territory from the Mincio to the Adriatic, and to see vanish from honest hearts noble delusions and patriotic hopes.

In order to serve the independence of Italy, I made war against the mind of Europe, and as soon as the destiny of my country might be endangered, I made peace. Our efforts and our sacrifices—have they been merely losses?

No! we have a right to be proud of this campaign. We have vanquished an army numerous, brave and well organized. Piedmont has been delivered from invasion; her frontiers have been extended to the Mincio. The idea of an Italian nationality has been admitted by those who combatted it most. All the sovereigns of the peninsula comprehend the wants of salutary reforms. Thus, after having given a new proof of the military power of France, the peace concluded will be prolific of happy results. The future will every day reveal additional cause for the happiness of Italy, the welfare of France, and the tranquillity of Europe.

His Speech to the Diplomatic Body.—Paris, July 22.—The Moniteur contains the following:—The Emperor yesterday received the diplomatic corps. The Papal Nuncio, speaking in the name of the diplomatic corps, offered the Emperor his earnest and sincere congratulations on his happy return, and on his resolution to conclude peace. The Emperor, in reply, said:—

"Europe was, in general, so unjust to me at the beginning of the war, that I was happy at being enabled to conclude peace as soon as the honor and interests of France were satisfied, and to prove that it had never been my intention to overturn Europe and to provoke a general war. I hope, to-day, that all reasons for disunion will disappear, and that peace will be of long duration. I thank the diplomatic corps for their congratulations."

The Emperor of Austria's Manifesto.—When all concessions that were allowable and compatible with the dignity of the crown and the honor and welfare of the country have been exhausted, and when all attempts at a pacific arrangement have miscarried, there is no room for choice, and what cannot be avoided becomes a duty. * * * * * * * Unhappily, the result has not corresponded with the general effort, and the fortune of war has not been favorable to us. * * *

It is not less perfectly established that our enemies, in spite of the greatest efforts, in spite of the superior forces which they had for a long period been preparing for the conflict, have been able, even by making the greatest sacrifices, to obtain only advantages—not a decisive victory; while the Austrian army, still animated by the same ardor, and full of the same courage, maintained a position, the possession of which left, perhaps, a possibility of recovering from the enemy all the advantages that he had gained. But for this purpose it would have been necessary to make new sacrifices, which certainly would not have been less bloody than those which have been made already, and which have deeply afflicted my heart.

Under these conditions it was my duty as a sovereign to take into serious consideration the propositions of peace which had been made to me. The consequences of this continuance of the war would have been so much the heavier, because I should have been obliged to demand from the faithful people of my dominions new sacrifices of blood and of money much more considerable even than those which had been made up to that time; and, notwithstanding, successes would have remained doubtful, since I have been so bitterly deceived in my well-founded hopes that this contest, not having been entered into for the defense of the rights of Austria only, I should not be left alone in it.

In spite of the ardent sympathy, worthy of acknowledgment, which the justice of our cause has inspired for the most part in the governments and people of Germany, our natural allies, most ancient allies, have most obstinately refused to recognize the great importance of the grand questions of the day. Consequently Austria would have been obliged all alone to face the events which were being prepared for, and which every day might have rendered more grave.

The honor of Austria coming intact out of this war—thanks to the heroic efforts of her valiant army—I have resolved, yielding to political considerations, to make a sacrifice for the re-establishment of peace, and to accept the preliminaries which ought to lead to its conclusion; for I have acquired the conviction that I should obtain, in any event, conditions less unfavorable in coming to a direct understanding with the Emperor of the French, without the blending of any third party whatsoever, than in causing to participate in the negotiations the three great powers which have taken no part in the struggle. Unhappily, I have been unable to escape the separation from the rest of the empire of the greater part of Lombardy. On the other hand, it must be agreeable to my heart to see the blessing of peace assured afresh to my beloved people; and these blessings are doubly precious to me because they will give me the necessary leisure for bestowing henceforth without distraction all my attention and solicitude on the fruitful task that I propose to accomplish—that is to say, to found, in a durable manner, the internal well being and the external power of Austria by the happy development of her moral and material forces, and by ameliorations conformable to the spirit of the time in legislation and administration. As in these days of serious trials and sacrifices my people have shown themselves faithful to my person, so now by the confidence with which they respond to me, they will aid in accomplishing works of peace, and in attaining the realization of my benevolent intentions.

A chief of the army, I have already expressed to it, in a special order of the day, my acknowledgments of its bravery. To-day I renew the expression of these sentiments. While I speak to my people, I thank those of their children who have fought for God, their Emperor and their country. I thank them for the heroism of which they have given proof, and I shall always remember with grief, those of our brave companions in arms who have not, alas, returned from the combat.

Francis Joseph.

Luxembourg, July 15, 1859.

The Air Spring.—Aaron P. Osmond, who has been traveling in the South introducing the air spring invented by the late Dr. Hayward, has returned. He has succeeded in introducing it on several roads. On others it has run a year and is represented to be as good and as perfect now as the first day it was put on. To show the little jar to a car with these springs he asserts that the President of one of the Georgia Railroads placed an apple in the window of the car, and it rode to its destination, a distance of one hundred miles, without being shaken off. This spring was supposed to be a failure, but it is now considered a brilliant success.—*Delaware Republican.*

The Hon. Gerrit Smith, upon reading the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles' late letter in regard to his resumption of his relations with his wife, immediately wrote, says the Oswego Times, a letter approving the act, and has invited him and his wife to visit Peterboro'.

Crab Manure for Wheat—The Steam Plough, &c.—At the recent meeting of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, a sheaf of very fine wheat was presented by J. M. Thomas, Esq., which was grown upon the farm of Benjamin Hughes, at Town Bank, near Cape Island, N. J. Accompanying the specimen was a letter from Mr. Thomas, which stated that this lot was a portion raised upon three and a quarter acres of the poorest land in the county. The land had been manured with horse-foot or King crabs, about 5,000 being put on to the acre. The result was an extraordinary yield of wheat, the field of 3¼ acres producing 101 bushels, weighing 62 pounds to the bushel, the stalks averaging 4 feet 8 inches in height. The crabs can be gathered to any extent along the shore adjoining the land. The experiment of using this description of manure Mr. Thomas considered highly successful, but he did not consider it lasting, as it would not endure more than two or three years. This fall he intends to put the ground in buckwheat, and will inform the Society of the result. The members present examined the specimen, and were much pleased with its appearance, but stated that this mode of manuring was not new. It was peculiarly applicable to land near the seaside, where the crabs could be easily procured.

The Committee upon the plan of the new State Board of Agriculture, reported that the documents were all ready, and would be forwarded to the County Societies at once.

The Committee on Implements and Inventions presented a long report, giving a description of Fawkes's Steam Plough, and its performances at the late exhibition at Oxford Park. A description of the machine has already been published. The report stated that the machine had been tested on timothy sod which had not been ploughed for seven years. The machine turned as easily on the ploughing ground, in as short a time as could have been done with a single plough and pair of horses. The mean rate of speed was four miles an hour, and the united furrows were nine feet four inches wide. A strip four miles long by nine feet four inches wide, equal to 197,120 feet, was ploughed, which, divided by the number of feet in an acre, gives almost exactly 4 3-10 acres per hour. One fireman and one engineer only are required to work the engine and ploughs. The machine consumes half a ton of coal per day, or its equivalent in wood. The plough was run over gulleys and abrupt elevations, and stood every test indicated by the Committee in the most satisfactory manner. Its performances proved its perfect adaptedness to prairie cultivation and to the tillage of large fields. By a very simple arrangement, the roller, which is composed of wooden staves bolted to open iron heads, may be lifted from the ground, geared directly to the piston rod, and thus converted into a rapidly-revolving drum, over which a band is passed, and the whole converted into a farm engine, for driving saws, threshing machines, sugar and grain mills, &c. This ready conversion of a ploughing locomotive into a farm engine, multiplies vastly the uses of the machine. Viewed only as a steam plough, the Committee regard it as the greatest achievement yet made in agricultural engineering, and recommend that the highest testimonial of merit of the Society be awarded to the inventor.

Mr. Clements moved that the Society present Mr. Fawkes with a gold medal, for his invention of the steam plough, which was unanimously agreed to. The style of medal is that got up by John Hare Powell for new inventions and has not been presented to any person for many years.

Delegates were appointed to visit the Agricultural Exhibitions to be held by the Bucks, Montgomery, Chester, Delaware and Berks County Societies of Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, the New Jersey State Agricultural Society, and the Burlington, Camden and Gloucester County Societies of New Jersey; the New York State Society; the United States Agricultural Exhibition, and also delegates to the Pennsylvania Farm School.

An Off-Set.—The N. Y. Tribune says, the very latest affair is that of a wealthy merchant down town, who found a defalt of $10,000 in the account of one of his clerks. He called the defaulter to account, and told him that if the money was not at once returned he would arrest and expose him. The clerk mildly informed his employer that he reckoned he should not return the cash, and that he further concluded that he had a sufficient offset. "Offset," said the merchant, "what do you mean by offset?" "I mean my wife," returned the clerk. Not another word was said about the $10,000.

A celebration was held on the 2nd at Plymouth, to inaugurate a statue in memory of the "Pilgrim Fathers."

A LOTTERY DEALER CORNERED.

BALTIMORE, April 29, 1859.

H. M. M'CARTY, Esq.—Dear Sir—We have frequently sent you our circulars, and have often thought it strange that we have not heard from you. However, our object in writing this time is to offer you the preference to purchase a very finely arranged package of 26 tickets in the Grand Consolidated Lottery, Class 11, drawing on the 21st of May. The package gives you the advantage of $32 60 worth of tickets for the cost of only $20. The same has, from its repeated success, won the title of the lucky package, and, to convince you of our confidence in its success, we promise to send you another package, free of charge, if the first fails to draw a three number prize—the lowest being $250. See full scheme within. We make this offer in good faith, with an effort to sell you the capital of $40,000, and we hope you will accept it. Enclose us twenty dollars, and the package will be sent by return mail—the result of which, we confidently think, will be satisfactory to you.

Yours, truly, CORBIN & Co.,
Box 190, Post-office, Baltimore, Md.

N. B.—Prize tickets or certificates cashed as soon as returned.

WESTPORT, Mo., May 16, 1859.

My Dear Sir—Your very kind favor is received, contents duly noted and properly appreciated.

I am overwhelmed with a sense of obligation to you for your unaccountable partiality to an entire stranger, and I am puzzled to guess in what manner I have recommended myself to your favor. Are you smitten by my personal beauty—dazzled by the refulgent beams of my rising "Star"—or have you heard of certain little circumstances in my personal history going to show a large degree of confidence, credulity, greenness, or whatever you may call it, rendering me a fair specimen for financial experiments? But whatever may be the moving cause impelling you to this generosity, be assured your disinterested action is properly prized and your generous proposal readily accepted. You may send that "very finely arranged package" by return mail, and such is my confidence in its success and its well-won "title of the *lucky package*" that I do not deem it necessary to enclose any funds to pay for it. You may retain $20 out of the $250 which it is almost certain to draw—and if it should (as it probably may) draw the capital prize of $40,000, you may retain another $20, as a slight testimonial of my distinguished consideration. Should it happen, per bare possibility, that the package "fails to draw a three number prize," you may not send the second package, but retain it in payment of the first.

You say you have frequently sent me your circulars and have often thought it strange that you had not heard from me. I am sorry that my reminiscence has caused you any uneasiness of mind, and my apology is that I did not know the circulars were from a partial friend and admirer, but, so far as I gave them any thought at all, had supposed they were from some Peter Funk or bogus speculator, of which you know, dear Corbin, there are many in the Eastern cities. As a general thing I pay no attention to circulars, unless ordered to be published in my paper, and accompanied by the rhino or spondulicks.

Please send me a lock of your hair before the officials get all of it, and oblige your beloved friend, H. M. M'CARTY.

P. S.—If not deemed inquisitive, dear Corbin & Co., let me know (in confidence) to how many hundreds throughout the country your expansive benevolence has induced you to send duplicate letters of the one sent me?

H. M. M.

LETTER FROM GOV. WISE.—The following rather amusing letter is said to have been written by Gov. Wise, of Virginia, to a *gentleman* of New York, who seems to have found it too good to keep all to himself. It created quite a sensation among the Hard Shells and Soft Shells of the New York Democracy;—

RICHMOND, July 13, 1859.

Dear Sir: I thank you for yours of the 8th inst. I have apprehended all along that the Tammany Regency would carry a united delegation from New York to Charleston. For whom? Douglas, I know, is confident, but you may rely on it that Mr. Buchanan is himself a candidate for re-nomination, and all his patronage and power will be used to disappoint Douglas and all other aspirants. Our only chance is to organise by districts, and either whip the enemy or send two delegations.

If that is done or not done, we must still rely on a united South. A united South will depend on a united Virginia, and I pledge you that she, at least, shall be a unit. Virginia a unit, and persistent and firm on a sound platform of protection to all persons of popular vs. squatter sovereignty, she must rally to her support all the South. The South cannot adopt Mr. Douglas's platform. It is a short cut to all the ends of Black Republicanism. He then will kick up his heels. If he does or don't, he can't be nominated, and the main argument against his nomination is, that he can't be elected if nominated. If he runs an independent candidate, and Seward runs, and I am nominated at Charleston, I can beat them both. Or, if squatter sovereignty is a plank of the platform at Charleston, and Douglas is nominated, the South will run an independent candidate on the protection principles, and run the election into the House. Where, then, would Mr. Douglas be? The lowest candidate on the list. If I have the popular strength you suppose, it will itself fix the nomination. Get that, and I am confident of success.

The Hon. F. Wood is professedly, and really, I believe a friend, and of course I would, in good faith, be glad of his influence, and would do nothing to impair it, and could not justly reject his kind aid; but you may rely upon it that I am not completely, nor at all, in the hands of Mr. Wood, or of any man who breathes. He has always been friendly to me, and I am to him, but always on fair and independent terms. There is nothing in our relations which should keep aloof any friend of either. He knows as well as any one can tell him, that his main influence is in the city of New York, and I judge what you say of his country influence is correct. But I am counting all the time without New York, and I don't fear the result. I am depending solely upon open position of principle, independent of all cliques, and defying all comers. We will overwhelm opposition in Virginia, and her vote will be conservative and national.

At all events, I shall always be glad to hear from you, and am, truly yours,

HENRY A. WISE.

DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR.—The Rev. Dr. Humphreys, of the Free Church of Scotland, for several years head master of the Cheltenham (England) Grammar School, ran away from that place some months ago, being heavily in debt, leaving behind a wife and six children.—He took with him, however, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Cummings, one of his principal creditors, and sailed from Liverpool to New York, whence he went to Albany, and afterwards to Toronto, C. W., where he was arrested a few days since, and he and the lady were served with citations from the High Court of Divorce, England, which is as far as the police in that city can proceed at present. Their only proceedings, now, will be to watch the Doctor and lady, and prevent their escaping further process. Several attempts have been made to induce the lady to return to her friends, but, hitherto, without avail.

VIRGINIA STEWART, the Mobile courtesan, who was shot in Broadway a fortnight since, by McDonald, the Mobile cotton jobber, has died of her injuries. She is said to have struggled violently, and to have been in violent convulsions several hours. Her dying wish was that her assassin should escape punishment.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER & CO., Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

DISCOVERY OF THE GOLD IMAGES.—On a day in the latter part of June last, a native of Bugalita—a small town in the district of Boqueron, in the province of Chiriqui (New Granada)—while wandering through the forest in the vicinity of his cabin, encountered a tree which had been prostrated by a recent tempest, and underneath its upturned roots he espied a small earthen jar. Upon examination this proved to contain, wrapped in swathing of half-decayed cloth, divers images of curious and fantastic shape, and of so yellow and shining a metal that he at once suspected them to be *gold*. Knowing himself to be in the midst of an ancient Indian "Huaca," or burial-ground, he immediately commenced an exploration of the little burial mounds which were on every side, very shrewdly suspecting that they also might contain treasures of a like character. The result was, that in a very short time (three or four days) he succeeded in exhuming no less than *seventy five pounds' weight* of these images. Not exactly confident, however, of the quality and value of the metal, he disclosed to his neighbors his discovery; and in less than a fortnight over a thousand people were at work, having dug up "more than nine arrobas" (225 pounds' weight) of images, most of which proved to be of the finest gold. This is the substance of the information, in regard to the discovery of these ancient relics, brought to the city of Panama by two natives of Bugalita, who substantiated their statements by bringing also with them, in their canoe, seventy-five pounds' weight of golden images for sale.

BARBARIC TROOPS FOR THE BRITISH ARMY.—The adoption of the Zouaves and Turcos into the French army, and their successors against European troops, says the Herald, have incited the British Government to attempt the organization of similar corps from the colonies in the West Indies. Some time ago the black soldiers in Bermuda were uniformed *a la* Zouave, and we now learn that orders have been issued by the War Department for the transportation of three thousand Jamaica negroes to England. Once arrived, they are to be drilled in the use of the latest and most destructive patterns of small arms, and trained to serve the new rifled cannon. When this first squad has been incorporated with the army, it will doubtless be followed by others; until the English will have a black division which will cope in barbarity and ferocity at least, with the Turcos. In case of a war between England and France, it would be curious to see these troops pitted against each other.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 6, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.	**GEORGIA.**
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solvent banks ¼ dis
Relief notes ¼ dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**
NEW JERSEY.	Solv bks ¼ dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	**ALABAMA.**
DELAWARE.	Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
Solv bks par to ½ dis	**MISSISSIPPI.**
MARYLAND.	All bks uncertain
Baltimore ¼ dis	**LOUISIANA.**
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
NEW YORK.	**OHIO.**
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks ¼ dis
MAINE.	**KENTUCKY.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	**INDIANA.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	State bank ½ dis
VERMONT.	**ILLINOIS.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 3 dis
CONNECTICUT.	**MISSOURI.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	**TENNESSEE.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Old banks 2½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	**MICHIGAN.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
VIRGINIA.	**WISCONSIN.**
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	**TEXAS.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	**CANADA.**
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis	Solv bks 1 dis

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	100	—
" " '68	100	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	103	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	100
" " new	104½	—
" 5 "	—	84½
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	88
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	65	72
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	—	48
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	90½	90½
Tenn 6 pr ct	90	—
" 5 " coupon	76	77
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1860	104	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	101	104
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	93	—
Ca. State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	—	—
Philadelphia	114	—
Far & Mec	56	57
Commercial	48½	49½
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	29½	30½
Southwark	60	—
P Township	38	38
Kensington	64	66
Girard	66½	—
Western	—	68
Man & Mech	25½	26
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	44	45½
Consolidation	25	25
Commonwealth	20	21
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	—
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky Ky.	113	—
Northern "	—	—
Louisville "	114	—
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	102	—
Planters "	112	—
N O Gas Light	106	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	24
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	14	—
New Creek	—	1
New Granada	—	4
N American Ind'mn	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	21
Southwark & Frankford RR	62	65
Bonds	—	95

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	—	100
2nd "	95	97
" stock	—	—
Interest off	30½	32½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
" stock	114½	115
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	79	80
mort 6's '44	89	91
" 6's '56	—	92
" stock	23½	23
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	95	97
" stock	55	56
Phila. Wil & Balt stock	35	35
6 pr ct loan '60	92½	—
Ches Val R R 7s	40	—
Trego R R	75	85
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	57	60
2d "	35	30
" stock	—	4
Catawissa	2	4
Beaver Meadow stock	53½	—
" preferred 10 pr ct	56	—
North Penna R R stock	8	9½
6 pr ct loan	63½	64
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	43	49½
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	56	—
Har and Lan R R stock	55½	57
bonds '69	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	15	16
Long Island R R stock	10	10½
bonds	81	83
Erie R R stock	7½	—
Hudson River R R	21½	—
N Y Centra	72½	—
Michigan Centra	47½	48½
Illinois	64	—
Michigan Southern	7½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	62	65
Imp. 6 pr ct	72	75
" stock	—	8½
" preferred	17½	18
Lehigh Nav stock	47	48
mort 6 pr ct	—	98
scrip	24½	26
Morris Canal'd	58	82½
" preferred	—	105
Cam & Del bonds	40	—
Union bonds	77½	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds 1878	29	31
	30	35

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Aug. 6.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour declined 10@15c ₱ bbl; sales of 5000 bbls at $4,65@4,90 for State; $4,95@5,40 for Ohio, and $5,25@5,60 for Southern. Wheat declined 3@5c; sales of 5000 bus red $1,25@1,26; white $1,45. Corn heavy; sales of 6000 bus. Pork quiet at $14,60@14,65 for Mess. Lard steady. Whiskey dull.

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Breadstuffs market has been exceedingly quiet during the past week. The sales for export comprises 1800 bbls Superfine, made of new Wheat, at $5,25@5.50 ₱ bbl; 300 bbls sound old stock at $5, at which figure it is very freely offered; 3.50 bbls Brandywine made of new Wheat, part at $5,75, and part on private terms; 200 bbls old stock Extra at $5,25; 300 bbls fresh ground Extra at $5,50, and some fresh ground do from new Wheat at $6@6,25. Rye Flour has been very dull. Sales of 300 bbls at $3,75. Corn Meal is very dull, and prices have declined 12½c ₱ bbl. Sales of 500 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,62½ ₱ bbl, and 400 bbls Brandywine on terms not made public.

GRAIN—Wheat—The receipts since last week have been moderate from all quarters. Sales of 27,000 bus fair and prime new Southern and Pennsylvania Red at $1,18@1,30, and White at $1,27@1.35, including some lots of old within the range of the same quotations; 500 bus inferior old at $1. 1600 bus damaged at 90c, and some mixed at $1,28@1,30. Rye has been dull, but supplies come forward slowly. Prices are lower. Sales of 4000 bus old at 79@80c. Of new there has, as yet, been very little offering. Sales of 2000 bus at 75@77c. Corn—Supplies have come forward slowly. Sales of 15,000 bus, chiefly Southern Yellow at 78@80c, afloat. Oats—The supply has been considerably in excess of the demand, and prices have again declined 1@2c ₱ bus. Sales of 5,000 bus Pennsylvania at 35@36c; 2000 bus do, on private terms; 5500 bus prime old Delaware and Maryland at 33@34c, and 3,500 bus new at 30@32c.

PROVISIONS—The market has been exceedingly quiet during the past week, with but limited transactions in all descriptions. Sales of 250 bbls Western and City packed Pork at $16,50 ₱ bbl for Mess; $18,50 for clear, and $14@15,50 for Prime. City packed Mess Beef is selling in lots for ship's stores at $17@18 ₱ bbl. Bacon has met a limited inquiry; sales of 500 casks plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 10@12c—chiefly at the latter figure; Sides at 9½@9½c, and Shoulders at 7½@7¾c, 60 days. In Green Salted Meats there is but little doing; sales of 50 casks Hams, in pickle, at 10@10½c, a few Sides in dry salt at 8½c, and Shoulders at 7½c ₱ lb, 60 days. Lard continues dull, and has declined ½c ₱ lb. Sales of 200 tcs on terms not made public; 100 tcs and bbls at 11c, and kegs at 12@12½c, on time. Butter continues to meet a very limited inquiry. Sales of solid packed at 9½@13c ₱ lb. A lot of Grease Butter sold at 8½@9c. Cheese is very dull. About 200 boxes prime New York brought 9@9½c ₱ lb. Eggs are selling at 10@11c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—There has been but little change in the market since our last report. Sales of 920 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11½c for low middlings, up to 13½ ₱ lb, cash, and 13½c, 4 mos, for middling fair quality, including some samples at 11½c; pickings at 6c, and repacked at 8c.

BARK—Supplies have come forward very slowly during the past week. The stock is light and the demand has been fair. Sales of 60 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $29 ₱ ton, and 50 hhds at the close at $30. Of Tanners' Bark there is very little here. Spanish Oak is selling at $13, and Chestnut at $10,75@11 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and good Yellow commands 37@38c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—The market continues in the same spiritless condition which we have noted for weeks past.

COFFEE—The market has been extremely quiet since our last notice, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 1200 bags Rio at 10@11½c ₱ lb for low grade and good quality; 200 bags Laguayra at 11½c, and some Java at 15c ₱ lb, on time.

COPPER—English Sheathing is held at 26c ₱ lb, but there is little or no demand for it. American Yellow Metal has advanced to 20c; English do is held at 21c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS continue dull. Small sales of good Western at 47@48c ₱ lb.

FRUIT continues dull. Green Apples are arriving freely, and selling at $1,25@2 ₱ brl, as in quality. Green Peaches are more abundant and command 75c to $1,50 ₱ basket. Blackberries are selling at 25@30c ₱ bucket. In Dried Fruit nothing doing and prices are entirely nominal.

HEMP—There is no American here, and little or none wanted.

HIDES are very quiet. The demand has fallen off, but the stock is light, and prices remain without change.

HOPS—The demand continues quite limited. Small sales of new crop Eastern and Western at 10@15c. In old nothing doing.

IRON—Sales of 600 tons Anthracite, in lots, at $23@23,50, $22, and $20 ₱ ton, 6 mos. for the three numbers. A sale of 1000 tons No 2 Foundry on private terms, and 100 tons Forge at $20 ₱ ton, 6 mos. Scotch Pig Iron is held firmly at $24 ₱ ton, 6 mos, but there is no demand for it. Some further sales of Charcoal Blooms were made at $65, 6 mos.

LEAD—The stock of Pig Lead is very much reduced. Sales of 1500 pigs Virginia at $5,80, on time, interest added; and 1210 pigs do at $5,77, cash.

LEATHER is unchanged. There has been a good demand for heavy prime Slaughter at full rates, but the stock is light.

LUMBER—Supplies continue to come forward quite freely, and the demand is limited. Lehigh has declined, with sales at $9,50@10 ₱ M feet; White Pine Boards at $15@19, and Yellow Pine at $15,50@16. Pickets are dull at $6@7 ₱ M for 4 and 4½ feet.

MOLASSES—The market is extremely quiet, there being no demand, except for the finer grades, of which there is very little offering. Small sales of Cuba and Muscovado at 26@28c; 50 hhds Clayed at 21c; 30 hhds English Island at 26c.

SPIRITS—There is but little movement. N E Rum sells as wanted at 36@38c. Whiskey is dull. Small sales of Ohio bbls at 27½c; Penns do at 26@26½c; hhds at 26c; Prison at 27@27½c; Drudge at 25c, and 100 bbls old Bourbon at a price kept secret.

SUGAR—The market has been dull since our last notice, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 180 hhds Cuba at $5,75@6,50; 161 hhds Porto Rico at $6@7,25; 100 hhds English Island at $6. 200 hhds New Orleans at $6,87½@7,75, and some Havana Brown at $7,75, on time.

SEEDS—The market is very poorly supplied with Cloverseed, and it is taken on arrival. Sales at $5,50@5,75 ₱ 64 lbs. Timothy is selling in lots at $2,50@2,75. 300 bus Flaxseed brought $1,65 ₱ bus.

TALLOW meets a limited inquiry. Sales of City Rendered at 10½@11c.

TOBACCO—The foreign news has imparted more firmness in the market for Leaf, but there is very little doing, and no material change to note. Manufactured is steady.

WOOL—The market for this staple has been very quiet this week, the bulk of the stock has been taken from the growers in the West by the manufacturers, and the dealers are doing but little. The market, however, is firm, and the sales mostly confined to small lots at prices ranging from 37 to 55@45c, net, for common to half blood and fine fleece

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—37 head I Abrahams, Chester co, 8@9; 19 Underwood, Lancaster co, 9@10; 25 D Eckman, Ohio, 9½@10; 128 Murphy & Co, Va, 8½@10½; 50 B Gray, Ohio, 8½@9; 20 Balden & Lightcap, Westmoreland co, 7½; 45 Chain & Hackney, Fayette co, 8@10; 36 T Strickland, Chester co, 8@9; 8 Alexander, Va, 9@10½; 29 I Franks, 9, 30 D Bradley, Ills. 8; 26 Landis, Montgomery co, 8½@9½—Sheep—5000 head arrived and sold at from 7½@8½c ₱ lb net, as in quality.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—19 head W Forrest, Chester co, 8@9½; 29 W Weir, Lancaster co, 9@10; 48 J McConnell, Ohio, 8½@9½; 30 J Cochran, Lancaster co, 9½@10; 25 B Hood, Chester co, 8½@9½; 54 Judge Bastable, Md, 8½@9½; 64 Girard Greene co, 7½@8½.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. PETER B. BEWLEY, to Miss MARY HARE, both of this city

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr JOEL A. MOORE, to Miss MARY R. STOY, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Maddox, Mr. GEORGE W. MAYNEWS, to Miss SARAH ANN DUNLAP, formerly of Easton, Pa.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM H. BUTTERLOCH, to Miss SARAH PLUMLY, both of this city.

On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. John Street, JOHN P. GOTWOLS, to CHRISTIANA SMITH, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. FRANCIS KELLEY, to Miss ELIZABETH WARNE, both of this city

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM J. BROLASKY, to Miss MARIA V. MENSING, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by Elder J. Perry Hall, Mr. CHARLES R. WILDEY, to Miss MARY A. HOGENBURG, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Jas. McCaskie, Mr. JOHN BENSON, to Miss ESTHER CARSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, at Tamaqua, SUSANNA, wife of the Rev. Geo. Heilig, aged 52 years.

On the 1st instant, HARRIET, wife of Wm. Zeller, aged 40 years.

On the 1st instant, JAMES GALLAGHER, aged 18 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Miss CAROLINE H. BRITTINGHAM, aged 23 years.

On the 31st ultimo, ANNA MARIA, wife of Chas. Einwechter, aged 29 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET SANDERS, aged 86 years.

In Camden, on the 31st ultimo, STEPHEN S. BYERLY, aged 22 years.

On the 1st instant, ANNIE S. EDGELL, aged 23.

On the 29th ultimo, SALOME, relict of the late Philip Barned, aged 77 years.

On the 30th ultimo, CATHARINE ANDREWS, aged 45 years.

On the 30th ultimo, MARY, wife of Thos. Rushton, aged 39 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH METZGAR, aged 47 years.

On the 27th ultimo, JOSEPH SHUMAN, aged 37.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. LOUISA HARRISON.

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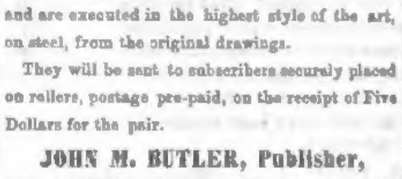

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Agricultural.

OUR FARM OF TWO ACRES.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Half a century ago, there was a good deal of sanciness in the temper and manners of people who had the management of land. The great landowners where introducing improvements, the small farmers were giving up an unprofitable game, and the large farmers—trusting in the Corn-laws—claimed to have their own way, did not care to study their art, unless they lived near Mr. Coke or the Duke of Bedford, and laughed at everybody who attempted tillage on a small scale.

This sanciness brought out William Cobbett, with his strong spirit of antagonism, to contradict every insolent saying, and almost every received maxim of the class; and he broadly and positively declared that a cow and pig could be kept on a quarter of an acre of land. He explained in detail how this might be done; and a great number of people have followed his instructions, finding, for the most part, that though the thing might be practicable for one year, or occasionally at intervals, it is not true that, one year with another, a cow and pig can be kept on a quarter of an acre of land. Since the repeal of the Corn-laws great changes have taken place in the general mind as to what quantity of land will and will not repay the efforts of the husbandman. The prodigious improvements which have been introduced into agriculture have benefitted small properties as well as large; and the same science and art which render it good economy to expend thousands of pounds on the tillage of a large farm enable the intelligent husbandman to obtain from a few roods an amount of value which nobody but Cobbett dreamed of in the last generation. We do not know that the regular "small-farming" of a former century has as yet revived among us; the competition of the holder of thirty or fifty acres with the tenant of a thousand; but the experiment of making the most of two or three acres is at present one which attracts a good deal of attention. There are few signs of the times in economy and social affairs more thoroughly worthy of the interest it has excited.

There are two classes of persons, broadly speaking, to whom this experiment is of consequence—the husbandman who lives by his land, and gentry, especially ladies, who happen to have a little ground attached to their dwellings, from which it is just as well to derive comfort and luxury, or pecuniary profit, as not. Two remarkable and very interesting statements have been published on the part of these two classes; and I, the present writer, am about to offer a third, in order to render the presentment of the case of miniature farming complete.

John Sillett, the Suffolk shopkeeper, who forsook the shop and took to the spade, recovering his health and maintaining his family in comfort on two acres of land, has given us his experience in his well-known pamphlet of seven years ago, on "Fork and Spade Husbandry." The great extension of Freehold Land Societies affords to a multitude of townsmen in England the means of leaving town-industry for rural independence, as John Sillett did, if they choose to work as he did; and it seems probable that a future generation may see a revival of the order of peasant proprietors in this country which was supposed to have died out forever. As to the other class to whom small-farming may and does answer, we have just been presented with an agreeable description of their case in the little volume called "Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Money we made by it." In my opinion the book is somewhat too tempting. The statements, each one no doubt perfectly true in itself, will require some modification when taken to represent the first six years, instead of the first six months of the experiment; but the narrative is so fresh and animated—the example of enterprise and energy is so wholesome, and the scheme of life is so wise, that the book must be a real boon to a class of society which sorely needs such aid;—the class of gentlewomen who have not enough to do. We hear a great deal of the penalties of an unnatural mode of life endured by single and widowed women in confined circumstances, who pine away their lives in towns; and we see many who do not suffer from poverty, losing health and energy for want of interesting occupation. If this book should induce only one in a hundred of these languid women to try a country life, with the amusement of a little farming in a safe way, it will have been a blessing to our generation.

John Sillett's experiment was one of fork and spade husbandry exclusively. That of the ladies on the Four Acres was an experiment of grazing, almost exclusively. Mine is one of an intermediate order. I do not derive the subsistence of a household from my two acres; nor do I keep cows and pigs on the easy conditions of a plentiful allowance of grass and arable land, with the resource of a Right of Common, to serve at every pinch. I am obliged to keep a considerable portion of my little plot in grass; but my main dependence for the subsistence of my cows is on fork and spade husbandry. Thus, like the ladies, I keep cows for comfort and luxury, to which I may add the serious consideration of creating a subsistence for a laborer and his wife; while, with John Sillett, I obtain the value of the ground and animals chiefly by tillage, instead of merely gathering in the expensive commodity of grass. The case is this:—

I bought a field, in order to build myself a house, in a beautiful valley in the north of England. The quantity of land was somewhat less than two acres and a quarter, of which more than half an acre was rock. On the rocky portion stands the house, with its terrace and the drive up to it, and little oak and sycamore and ash copses behind and flanking it. An acre and a quarter was left in grass, which I at first let for grazing for £4 10s. a year. Enough ground was left for a few vegetables and flower beds, which the women of the household took such care of as they could. At the end of a year from our entrance upon our pretty house in the field, the state of things was this. The meadow was a constant eyesore; for the tenant took no sort of care of it. His cow was there, rain or shine, without shelter or shade, and usually ill, one way or another. The grass was lumpy and weedy. Sheep burst in through the hedge on the south boundary, that hedge being no business of mine, but belonging to the tenant on the other side. It was a broad, straggling, weedy hedge, which harbored vermin, and sent showers of seeds of pestilent weeds into my garden ground; and as sure as my cabbages began to grow, the hungry sheep—sharp-set as they are in March—made their way in, and ate off a whole crop in the night. It cost me from £6 to £10 a year to hire an occasional gardener, by whom the aspect of the place was barely kept decent.

At the same time, my household were badly off for some essential comforts. The supply of milk in our neighborhood could never be depended on; and it failed when it was most wanted—in the travelling season when the district was thronged with strangers. During that season, even the supply of meat was precarious. Fowls, hams, eggs, butter, everything was precarious or unattainable; so that housekeeping was, in the guest season, a real anxiety.

Becoming nearly desperate under difficulties which townsfolk scarcely dreamt of, I ventured upon the experiment—more bold eleven years ago than now—of using my own patch of land for the production of comforts for my own household. I have made this explanation because I wish it to be clearly understood that I did not propose to *make money* by my miniature farming, and should never have undertaken it with any such view. I could not afford to lose money. The experiment must pay itself or stop. But, here was the land, with its attendant expenses; here were our needs and discomforts; the experiment was to make the one compensate the other. At the end of eleven years, I find that the plan has been unquestionably successful, though some of the estimates of the first two or three seasons have been modified, and an average of agricultural mishaps has occurred, as if to render the enterprise a fair specimen. It has, on the whole, been sufficiently successful to attract a great deal of notice, and influence some proceedings in the neighborhood; and, therefore, as I conceive, to justify my adding one more illustration to those which already exist of the benefit of making the most of a small area of land.

The first essential was a laborer. I obtained one from an agricultural county, as spade husbandry was a thing unheard of in my own neighborhood. He brought his wife; and his wages were at first 12s. a week, out of which he paid the low rent of 1s. 6d. per week for his cottage; a model cottage which I built, with the cow-house adjoining, for £130. These stone dwellings last for ever, and need few or no repairs, so that money is well invested in them; and I regard as a good investment the money afterwards laid out in a hay-house, a little boiling-house, a root-house, two fowl-yards, and a commodious stone dwelling for the pig. My man's wages were raised by degrees; and they are now 14s. a week all the year round, with the cottage rent free. The wife has the use of my wash-house and its apparatus, and opportunities of earning a good deal by means of them. In case of my scheme not answering, there was a certainty that the cottage and other buildings would let at any moment, with the land; while their quality would not deteriorate with time, like that of brick or wooden buildings.

The other requisite preparations were tanks for manure, implements, and some additional fencing. Two tanks, well cemented within, and covered by heavy stone lids, receive the sewage and slops of every kind from the house, cottage, and cow-stable and a larger tank, among a clump of trees in a far corner of the field, receives the sweepings of stable and stye, and the bulk of the manure. The implements are spades, an elastic steel fork, hoes, rakes, a scythe, shears, and clippers, a heavy roller for the meadow, a chaff-cutter, a curry-comb and brushes for the cows' coats; troughs, milk-pails, and the apparatus of the boiling-house and dairy; to which were afterwards added a barrel on wheels to receive soap-suds and other slops at back doors for the liquid manure pit; a garden-engine of large powers, and a frame and hand-glasses for the kitchen-garden. About a third part of these implements were necessary for the mere gardening which we attempted so unprofitably before we had a laborer on the premises.

I am not going to speak of our dairy affairs now; I will do so hereafter; but my present subject is the tillage of the soil: and will therefore say no more here about cows than that we began with one, and finding that we could keep two for almost as little trouble as one—the stable and the man being provided—I rented another half acre adjoining my field, at £1 15s. a-year, and kept two cows, thus securing a supply of milk for the whole year. We produce food enough for about a cow and a half, besides vegetables and fruit for the household, and find it answer to buy the requisite addition to the winter food, as I will explain at another time.

Here, then, we were at the outset, with simply our cow stable, pig-house, and tanks, and an acre and a quarter of ground on which to work, to produce food for a cow and pig, besides household vegetables; fettered also with the necessity, that on account of the view from the windows, at least three quarters of an acre must remain in grass, the most expensive of all conditions. We pared off the corners, and laid them into the arable part, in the first instance, so as to leave the grassy area just three quarters of an acre. To finish with the pasture first, the treatment it requires is this: Before the winter rains we give the grass a good dressing of guano every alternate year, or of bones broken, but not to powder, every third year. Early in winter the whole is strewn with manure from the tank, and a compost heap we have in a hidden corner of the new half acre. At the end of February this is raked away, and the meadow is bush-harrowed. A month later it is well rolled and weeded, if any noxious weeds, such as oxeye daisies, or bishop's weed, are found rooted in it. If any moss appears after long rains it is treated with lime. This care is well repaid by the beauty of the surface and the value of the grass. The little spot is conspicuous for its greenness when all the rest of the valley is of a uniform hay color; and there is no hay in the neighborhood to compare with ours. The cows eat off the first growth in April. It is then shut up for six weeks or so for hay, and is mown towards the end of June, when it yields nearly three tons to the acre. We do not exhaust the ground by mowing it twice, but allow the cows to feed it pretty close till November. After two winters we found that the anxiety of keeping such hay stacked in a rainy climate was more than the thing was worth; and I therefore built a hay-house, and was only sorry that I had put it off so long.—Knowing what the plague of rats is in such buildings, I adopted the only perfect security—that of using such materials as no vermin can penetrate. The floor was flagged as carefully as a kitchen floor, and slate stones went deep into the ground below the flags. A few years later, when a winter inundation penetrated every place in the levels of the valley, and wetted our hay, I granted a raised wooden floor to the entreaties of our farm-man; and there our hay and straw kept perfectly well in all kinds of winters.

Hay, however, is an extravagant kind of food for cows; and ours have it only for variety, and as a resource when other things fail, and when they calve, or happen to be ill. Our main dependence is on roots and vegetables. As this was nearly a new idea in the neighborhood, we were prodigiously ridiculed, till our success induced first respect and then imitation. It was a current maxim, that it takes three acres of land to feed a cow; and this may be very true in the hill pastures, which are mossy and untended. Our milk would cost us sixpence a quart, it was said—we were starving our poor cow—we were petting our cow, so that she was like a spoiled child—such were the remarks till events silenced them, and people came to see how we arranged our ground, so as to get such crops out of it. We constantly gave in explanation the current rule: "The more manure, the more green crops; the more green crops, the more stock; the more stock, the more manure." And, by degrees, the true principle of stall-feeding and spade-tillage became clear to all inquirers.

Our soil is light—not very deep (lying above slaty stone), sufficiently fertile, and easily treated, but so stony in parts as to dismay a laborer from a clay or sand district. The neighbors advised my man to cover up the stones, and think no more of them; but we concluded that it would be better to make use of some of them. We dug deep where the garden paths were to be, and filled in the stones, so as to make drains of the garden walks. Others went to mend the occupation-road which runs along the field, and through the half-acre. On the south side, and in the half-acre, there is scarcely a stone, and the tillage is perfectly easy.—Our way is to dig two spits deep, straight down, manure richly, and leave abundant space between both the plants and the rows. Hence our fine roots, and our weight of produce.

I need say nothing of our garden tillage, except that, with the exception of winter potatoes, we obtain an abundant supply of vegetables for a household of four persons, and their occasional guests. All common fruits become more plentiful every year. This being understood, we are here concerned only with the food for the cows and pig. In summer, we sow cabbage seed—being careful about the kind, as the common cow-cabbage spoils the milk and butter. A kind between the Ham and Victoria cabbage is by the Norfolk people considered the best. The young plants are pricked out in early autumn, some hundreds per week for six weeks, to secure a succession next year.—They should be eighteen inches apart, in rows a yard apart; and if they can be allowed to keep their places till they weigh ten or twelve pounds apiece, they of course afford a great bulk of food for the animals. Anywhere above four pounds is, however, worth the ground. The rows being placed so wide apart, is to allow of the sowing of roots between them.

In April and May we sow turnips (Swedes especially), carrots (particularly Belgian), and mangold in the centre of the spaces left; and, by the time the root crops have been thinned, and are past the danger of the fly, the cabbages are fit to be cut. The alternate ones are taken first, and light and air are thus let in freely. The cabbages begin to be very substantial about mowing time, and fill up all intervals till November; that is, while the grass is growing after hay-making, and between the first, second and third gathering of the mangold leaves. It is the fashion now to discourage the thinning of the mangold; but we find the roots rather the better than the worse for the process. If they were not, we could still hardly spare the resource of those three leaf crops; but the fact is, no such mangold as ours is grown anywhere near; and strangers come to look at it, both in the ground and in the root-house. We now devote the arable part of our rented half-acre to this root, except when it is necessary to grow grain for a change, which happens every third or fourth year; and this last year we obtained about six tons from a quarter of an acre. It keeps admirably; and our cows were still enjoying it a month before Midsummer. There is an occupation-road through the half-acre, which produces only grass; and the same is true of a strip running its whole length, under a row of noble ash trees, which of course prevent all tillage under their shade and within the circuit of their roots. The arable portion amounts, in fact, to hardly one-third of an acre.

We early obtained a small addition to our territory, in a rather odd way. After we had suffered from two or three invasions of sheep, through the great ugly hedge, I received an occasional hint that the neighboring tenant wished I would take that hedge into my own hands. Seeing no reason why I should trouble myself with such a vexatious and unprofitable piece of property, I paid no attention to the hints; but my farm-man at length intimated that he could make a good thing of it, if I would let him demolish the hedge, which he would undertake, except felling the pollard-ashes, with his own hands. He was sure the contents of the hedge, and the ground we should get by it, would pay for a good new fence. It did indeed pay. We had firewood enough for more than one winter, and a good deal of soil; and we gained a strip of ground about three feet wide, the whole length of the field. Moreover, my neighbor obtained the same quantity, to the great augmentation of his friendship for us. The new fence cost £9. It is a cross-pole fence—the only kind which is found effectual here against the incursions of sheep. They leap upon a wall; they burst through a hedge; they thrust themselves through a post-and-rail fence; but they can get no footing on a cross-pole fence; and only the youngest lambs can creep through the interstices. The material used is split larch poles; and those who object that such a fence is not durable, must have omitted the precaution of tarring the ends which enter the ground. With that precaution it may last a lifetime; and it is easily mended if a pole here and there should go before the rest. It occupies the smallest portion of ground,—is no hindrance to air and sunshine, and is remarkably pretty.—When covered with roses, as mine is for the greater part, it is a luxury to look upon, reminding travellers of the rose-covered trellises of hot countries,—as in Louisiana, Damascus, and Egypt. We were so delighted with it that I carried it along the bottom of the field, where also I was not chargeable with the care of the fence. I see strangers come in and examine it, and try to shake it, as if they thought it a flimsy affair for a farm, even on a miniature scale; but I believe it will out-last the present generation of inhabitants, human and quadruped.

It will be necessary to give some account of our live stock and its produce before we can form an estimate of profit or loss on the whole scheme of my little farm. Meantime, we may say thus much:

Twelve years ago we saw about our dwelling an acre and a quarter of grass, in unsightly condition, grazed by a sickly cow; a few beds of flowers and a few more of vegetables—the former not well kept, and the latter far from productive—and, for the rest, a drive and little plantations, and slopes rarely neat, and always craving more care than we could give. For the grass I obtained, as I said, £4 10s. a year; and, to an occasional gardener, I paid from £6 to £10 a year. In connection with these particulars, we must remember the housekeeping troubles—bad butter, blue milk, and thin cream; costly vegetables which had travelled in the sun; hams costing £1 at least; eggs at 1d. each, and fowls scarce and skinny; and all this in a place where the supply of meat is precarious at the most important time of year.

The state of things now is wonderfully different. The whole place is in the neatest order conceivable; the slopes are mown, and the shrubs trimmed, and the paths clean; and the parterres gay, almost all the year round. With only three-quarters of an acre of grass, we have about £12 worth of hay; and part grazing for two cows for six months of the year. We have roots to the value of about £8 a year, exclusive of the benefit of their green part, which affords several cwts. of food. Then, there are the cabbages for the cows, which in favorable seasons have afforded the staple of their food for three or four months. In southern and eastern counties they would be a more ample and certain dependence than in the north. Then for the house, we have always had an over-supply of vegetables (except the winter store of potatoes), the surplus going, rather wastefully, to the pig. Beginning with cress, and radishes, lettuce, and early potatoes, and going through the whole series of peas and beans, turnips and carrots, spinach, onions and herbs, vegetable marrow and cucumbers, cabbages, cauliflowers, and broccoli, up to winter greens, we have abounded in that luxury of fresh-cut vegetables which townspeople can appreciate. All the common fruits follow of course. The comfort of having an active man on the premises, ready for every turn, is no small consideration in a household of women.

All these things have been created, we must observe—called out of the ground where they lay hid, as it were. This creation of subsistence and comfort is a good thing in itself; it remains to be seen whether it is justified by paying its own cost. This we shall learn when we have reviewed the history of our Dairy and Poultry-yard.

We have been favored with the following communication from an indolent young man; and as it strikes us as being much the coolest thing we have met with this hot weather, we print it:—

"Dear P., "*July 28.—Thermometer ever so much in the shade.*

"In reply to your heartless letter, on affairs of a business character, I beg to inform you that I am here, and with no intention of injuring my precious health by any exertion, bodily or mental. Make what use you please of this information, and accept the assurance of my most distinguished regard and esteem. Signed, * * * *."

Useful Receipts.

Pickles.—Kettles lined with porcelain should always be used in preference to those of brass, copper, or bell-metal. The verdigris produced by the vinegar on these metals, is extremely poisonous.

For most kinds of pickles, cold vinegar is the best. By boiling, much of the strength is lost by evaporation—consequently, the pickles are more liable to spoil.

Those requiring hot vinegar poured over them, should remain uncovered until perfectly cold.

Pickles should be kept in either glass or stone jars, and closely covered to exclude the air, otherwise they soon become soft. A small piece of alum in each jar, will make the pickles firm and crisp. One tablespoonful of sugar to each quart of vinegar, will be found a very great improvement to all pickles.

Pickled Cucumbers.—Wash your cucumbers very clean; make a pickle of salt and water, sufficiently strong to float an egg, and pour it over them. Put a weight on the top of the vessel to keep the cucumbers under the brine, and let them stand nine days; then take them out and wash them in fresh water. Line the bottom of your kettle with green cabbage leaves, put in your pickles, and as much vinegar and water, mixed in equal quantities, as will cover them. Put a layer of cabbage leaves on the top. Hang them over a slow fire; let the water get hot, but do not allow them to simmer, as that would soften them. When they are perfectly green, take them out and let them drain. Wipe them dry, put them in jars with some allspice, cloves, and a few small onions, or cloves, or garlic. A piece of alum in each jar will keep them firm. Cover your pickles with the best cider vinegar—tie them close and keep them in a cool, dry place. By adding one tablespoonful of sugar, it will be found a great improvement.

Pickled Peaches.—Throw your peaches, a few at a time, in hot lye; let them remain in it but two or three minutes, then put them in clear water, and wipe off all the down.

Make a strong brine, lay them in, and let them stand for two or three days. Take them out, wash and wipe them. Place them in jars, and cover with white wine vinegar, and loaf sugar, in the proportion of one quart of vinegar to one pound of sugar. Put them in glass jars, cover close, and keep in a dry, cool place.

Pickled Tomatoes.—Take a peck of tomatoes—the small ones are best—wash them, pierce each one with a fork, put them in a deep pan and sprinkle salt between each layer. Let them stand two days, then rinse them in clear water. Put them in stone jars, cover with vinegar and water in equal parts, and let them remain till next day. Allow one gill of mustard seed, half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of pepper grains, half an ounce of whole allspice, with two heads of garlic. Separate the garlic and take off the skins. Take the tomatoes out of the vinegar and water, empty the jars, put the pickles into them again, alternately with the spices, until the jars are three parts full. Then cover with cold vinegar, and cover close.

Pickled Green Tomatoes.—Puncture the tomatoes with a fork, place them on a dish, and sprinkle with salt. Let them remain for two or three days, then rinse off the salt in clear water; put them in a preserving kettle, cover them with water, which keep scalding hot for one hour; then take them out, let them drain, and put them in jars.

Boil the vinegar, with some cloves, allspice, and stick cinnamon. When cold, pour over sufficient to cover them.—*Widdifield's Cook Book.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 4, 18, 13, 32, 17, 36, 24, was a surname of Venus.

My 27, 24, 15, 32, 28, 6, were the Fates.

My 26, 13, 1, 18, 8, 28, was the daughter of Esculapius and the goddess of health.

My 36, 19, 30, 20, 31, 14, 38, 35, was the daughter of Mars and Venus and wife of Cadmus, who was changed into a serpent.

My 5, 21, 7, 27, 14, 29, 23, 30, 4, was one of the Muses.

My 11, 34, 6, 24, was a name of Cybele.

My 25, 28, 33, 16, 10, 12, 19, one of the Pleiades.

My 24, 32, 34, 21, 30, 14, 35, was one of the infernal rivers.

My 7, 28, 18, 17, 36, 2, 24, was the daughter of Latinus.

My 5, 8, 30, 23, 37, 3, 28, was the goddess of wisdom, the arts, and war.

My 22, 24, 32, 29, 13, 7, 31, were priests of Cybele.

My 33, 11, 28, 33, 4, 36, was a fabulous marine monster of gigantic size.

My 26, 6, 9, 19, was the daughter of Juno, goddess of youth.

My whole is a celebrated patriotic sentiment and the name of its composer.

Kenosha, Wis. EGBERT M. P.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 4, 11, 24, 29, 27, 12, was an American General.

My 28, 16, 23, 8, 14, was Prime Minister of England.

My 34, 15, 3, 9, 1, was Governor of New Netherlands.

My 9, 7, 21, 19, 3, 29, was Chief of the Police of France.

My 4, 24, 5, 33, 31, was an American Minister to France.

My 20, 26, 16, 12, 22, 16, was a Roman Senator.

My 17, 32, 30, 3, was a British officer.

My 12, 7, 1, 32, 27, was an American Consul at Tunis.

My 18, 16, 28, 25, 6, 5, was an officer in the American Army.

My whole was a dreadful calamity, which occurred in 1832.

Dayton, Ohio. W. H. WINTERS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an instrument you've heard of before,
My second you cross when going in at the door,
My third's in the earth, and also the same
May be found in your own truly wonderful frame;
My fourth and my fifth are vowels known well,
And now I'm quite sure my whole you can tell;
But to make it more plain, though it may seem absurd,
Two-thirds of my whole was the wife of one-third.

W. WINDSOR.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Claimed by many, possessed by few,
Of value great, yet seldom bought;
Oft avoided when claims are due,
For intrinsic worth as often sought.

Valued but little, unless entire,
If increased or diminished, injured much;
Like wood, which once put into the fire,
Forever keeps the scarring touch.

In song and story often spread,
Heard in the summer's gentle breeze;
In rock and river often read,
And seen in flowers and swaying trees.

Secure and safe to always stay
Where little birds sing harmless songs,
And squirrels nimbly skip and play,
And naught is seen of man's gross wrongs.

Perchance you know what here is meant,
For it already has been told;
If not, but little time needs be spent,
Its name to guess or to unfold.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Will any of your subscribers please work out the following sum, and give the rule or explanation?—John and David Bowles bought 248 acres and 28 poles of land, at $60 per acre, and then divided the land so that John gets 195 acres and 3 poles, and David 53 acres 25 poles. John is to pay $7½ per acre more for his part than David is to pay for his. How much must each pay per acre and be equal to the $60 per acre for the whole? This is an actual transaction, with the true names of the parties. Your friend and old subscriber,

LEONIDAS METCALFE.

Millersburg, Bourbon Co., Ky.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ The Maine Law Beaten.—Why cannot the Atlantic Telegraph go wrong? Ans.—Because it is *right in the main*.

☞ A "Nutty Point."—What would a nut say to you, if it could, when you begin to crack it? —*None of your jaw*, we expect.

☞ Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf persons? Ans.—Because we cannot make them here.

☞ What is the young ladies' best friend? Ans.—Their looking glass, because it always gives them "*aids to reflection!*"

☞ If the alphabet were alive, why would you find it difficult to kill it "instirely," as the Irishman said? Ans.—Because it's plain you couldn't put the letter B out of "Being."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—*The surrender of the Hessians, at Trenton, to General Washington.* GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—*Discovery of gold, at Pike's Peak, Kansas.* CHARADE—*Cart wheel.* CHARADE—*Carpet.* RIDDLE—*G. P. R. James.* ANAGRAMS—*Publisher, Representatives, Senator, Attorneys, Astrologers, Surveyor, Merchants, Alderman, Cashier, Directors, Tragedian, Stationers.* GEOMETRICAL QUESTION—*84 rods.*

Answer to Artemas Martin's Problem, put April 29th.—Sides of triangle, 150, 140, 130 rods. Diameter of inscribed circle, 40 rods. Radius of circle which cuts off B's half of triangle, 84.52 rods. Cost of A's fence, $126.78. B's, $119.36.